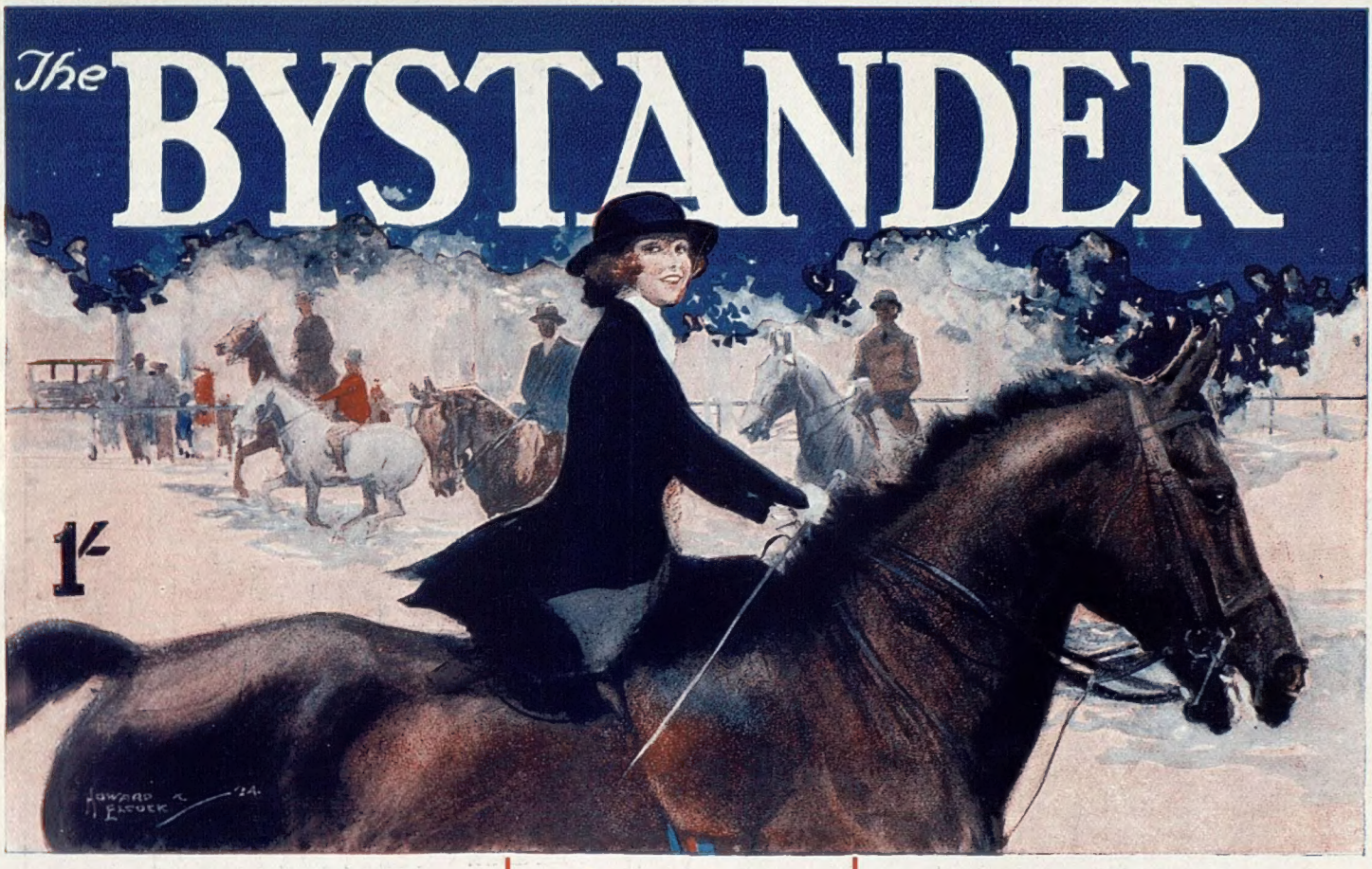
THE BYSTANDER
Vol. LXXXII—No. 1067.

MAY 14, 1924

Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper

INKLINGS OF EMPIRE—WEMBLEY IN COLOUR



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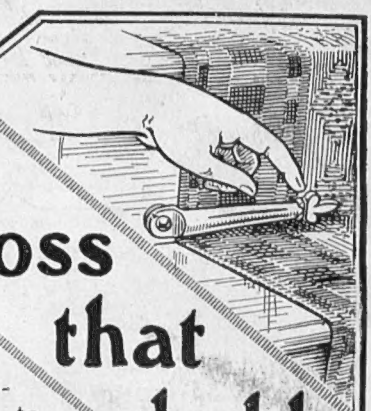

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Every Mower guaranteed 12 months.

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Sizes	18	20	22	24
Prices	**35/11**	**36/11**	**37/11**	**38/11**

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OVER ONE HUNDRED YEARS OF HAT MAKING

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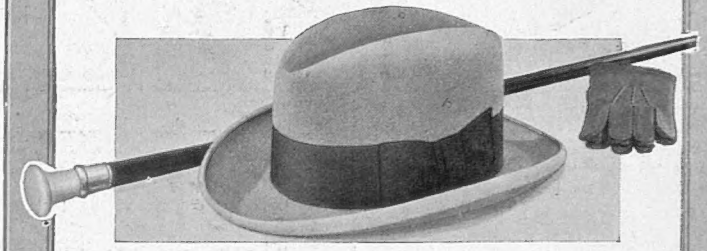
BY APPOINTMENT

BY APPOINTMENT

THE "LUMEN"



The "Lumen" is made of finest quality fur felt, unlined, and combines comfort with durability. Trimmed with contrast band and self binding, it appeals strongly to those who appreciate a very lightweight hat. In Drab, Buff, and Grey (complete range of sizes) **28/6**

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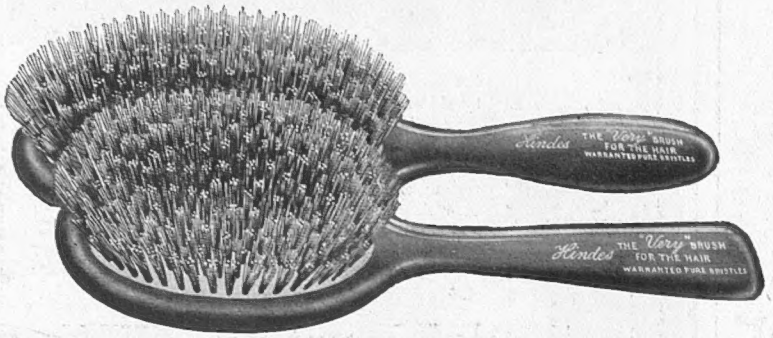

Bristles are the most important feature in a hair brush, and are an expensive item in its construction. In HINDES "Very" every bristle in every tuft plays a part in brushing the hair, the bristle tufts oscillating in unison with *the gently yielding rubber air-cushion* in which the tufts are set. There is no tugging—no pulling—no breaking the hair. It is the gentle, pleasing penetration that makes HINDES "VERY" BRUSH just *the very brush.*

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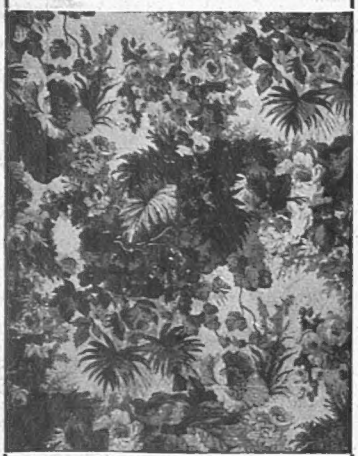

This Chintz is printed with soft purple, amethyst and wine coloured flowers, and jade green foliage on a soft yellow ground, making a most delightful colour scheme.

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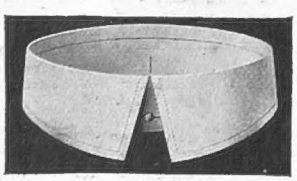

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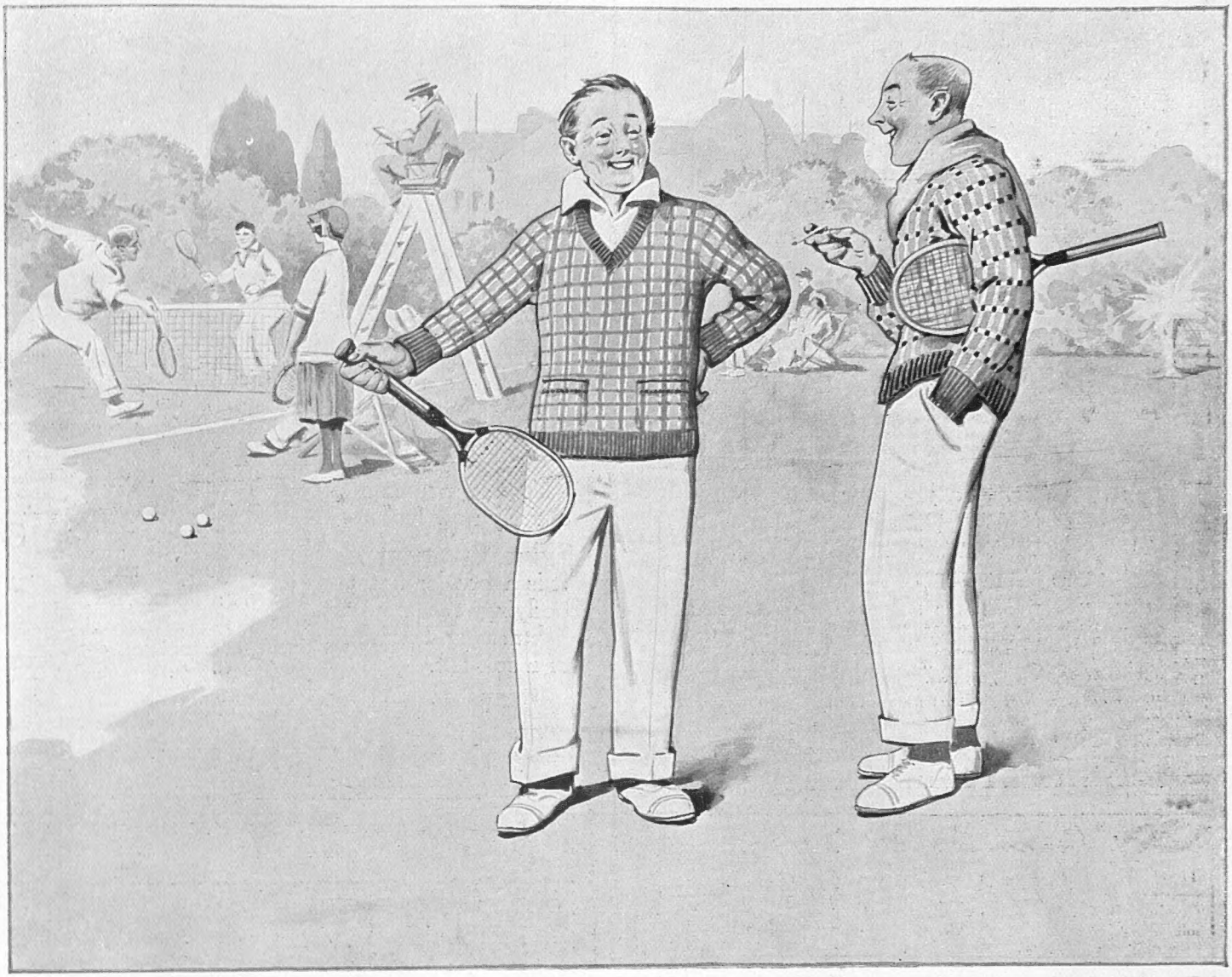

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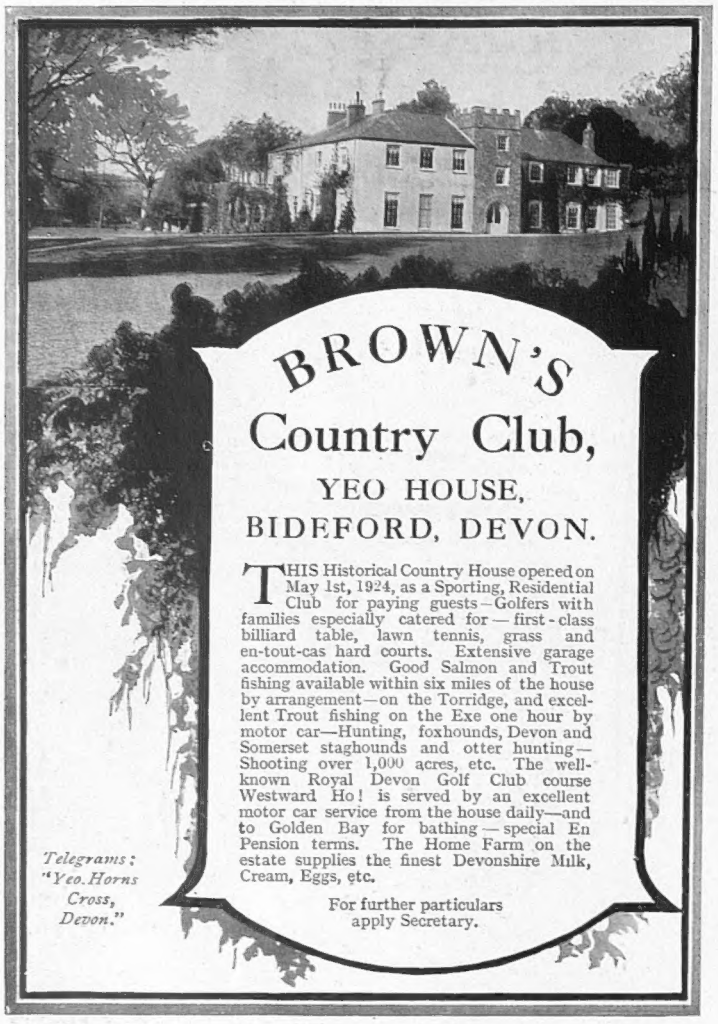

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It is a bowler hat embodying the comfort, lightness and flexibility of a soft felt.

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Model Hat *in crinoline trimmed satin and lace to tone. In Black or Brown.* 4½ Gns.

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THIS combined Hip and Bust Confiner is made in several different materials. When ordering please send bust and hip measurements.

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Not affected by climatical conditions.
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SHOES OF STANDING

For Men and for Women

At prices from 21/-

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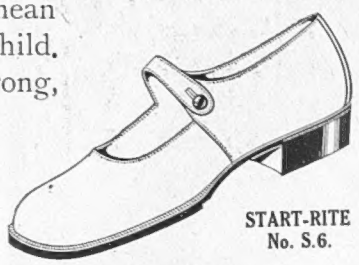
BECAUSE START-RITE are the only shoes that give the needed support to little feet. In the ordinary shoe the leather stiffener is too short. It does not support the instep. But in START-RITE boots and shoes the stiffener is extended and strengthened. Therefore the child can romp on the hardest roads or pavements without incurring the risk of fallen arches and flat feet. Another unique feature of START-RITE is the extension of the inside of the heel. This prevents turned-in ankles. These exclusive START-RITE patents mean much to your child. They mean strong, shapely feet and ankles. But advantage must be taken of them in time if the little feet are to be moulded on lines of strength and beauty. Besides, START-RITE are neat, comfortable shoes and wear evenly and give satisfaction every day of their long life.

This diagram shows the extension on the inside of the heel that prevents ankles bending inwards



START-RITE
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3

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"HOULGATE." Pretty frock of cotton georgette, daintily embroidered in contrasting shade with sets of pleats on the bodice. Well cut and suitable for many occasions. In Pink, Yellow, Blue, Green, Sand, Mauve, Grey, and Black. Price **42/-**

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LAWN MOWERS AND ROLLERS

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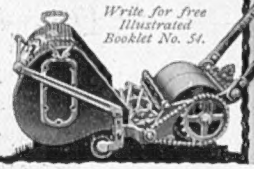

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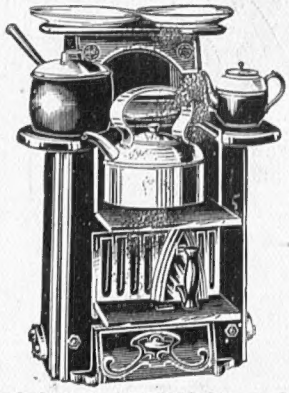

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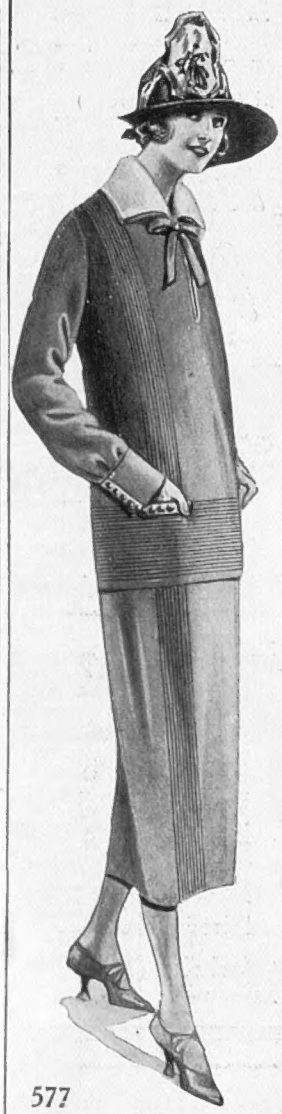

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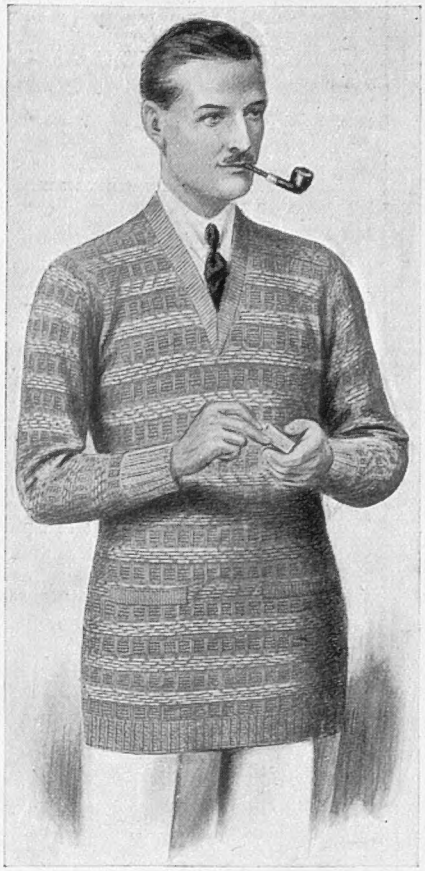

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In mixtures of Grey-and-Blue, Fawn-and-Brown, Blue Heather, Light Brown Heather and Lovat.

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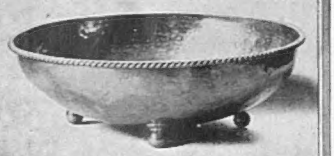

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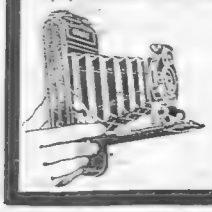

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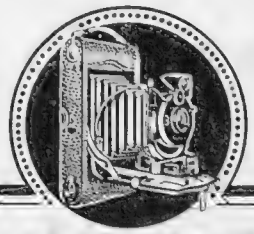

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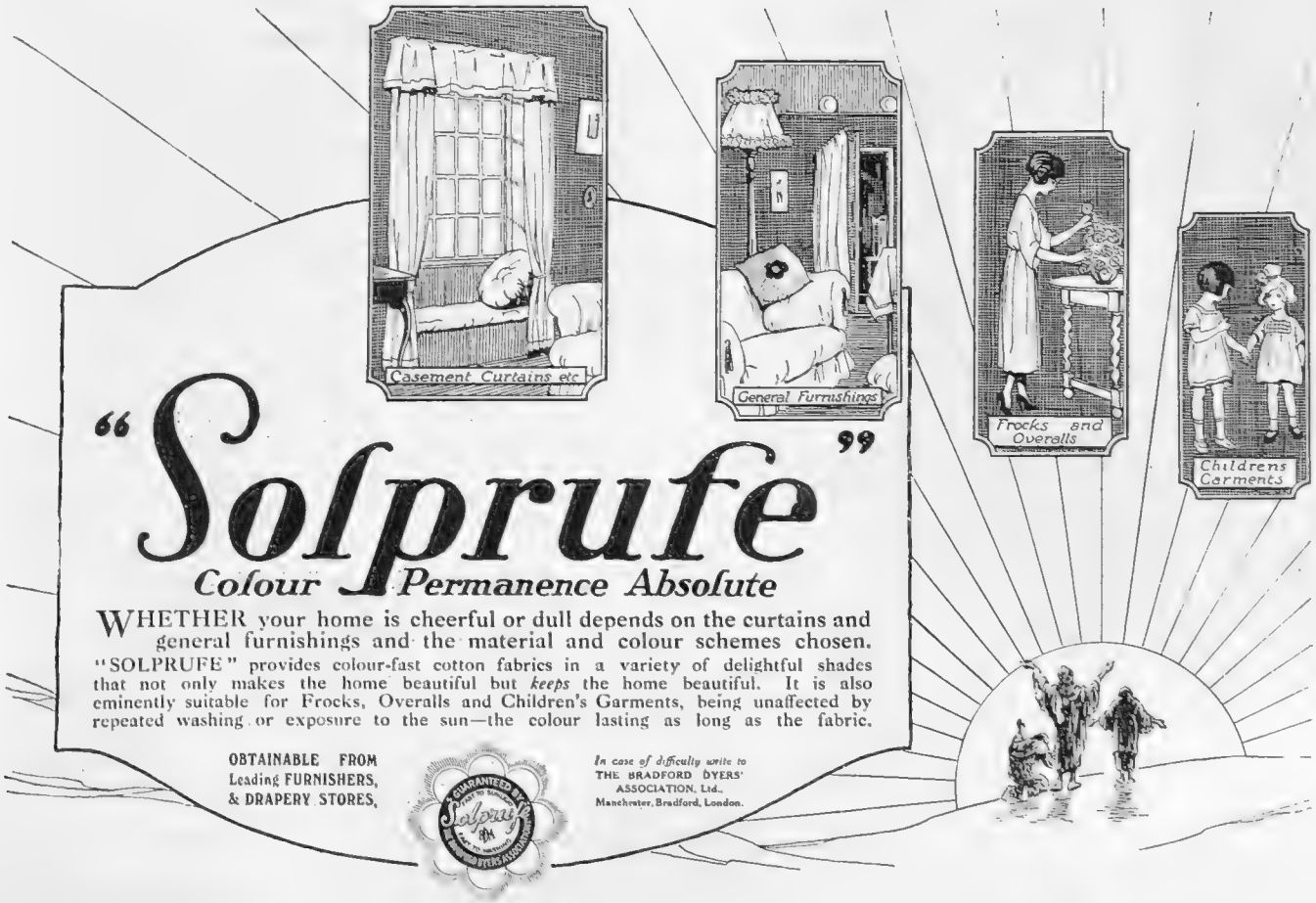

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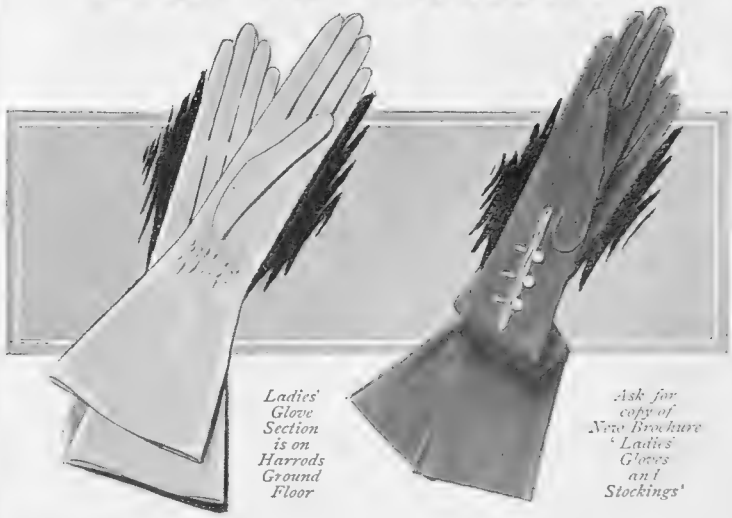

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CIGARETTES
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10 *for* **6D.**

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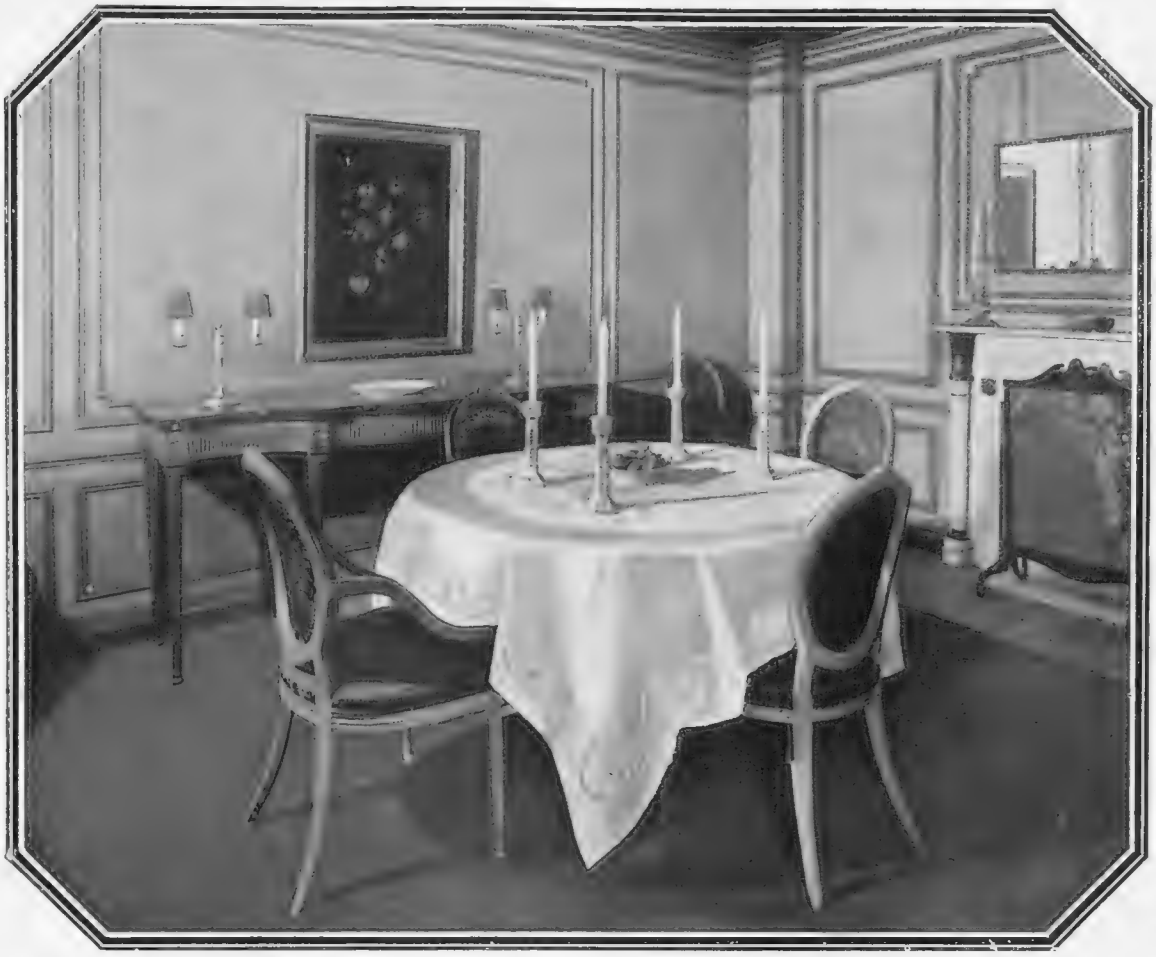

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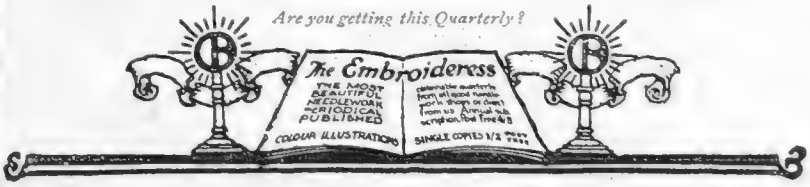

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—what I mean is, I love 'em in their own country, when they are ploughin' and reapin' their own markets. But it gets my jolly old spine like a dear old Felix cornered by a "Studdy" when brother motes go and beam on foreign-made stuff. I'm not what you might call a cornerer of grey matter, but I'd sooner get there in half an hour by tube, or thirty minutes by taxi, or two quarters of an hour by bus than have my young and innocent 1924 model shod with foreign tyres, when thousands of decent British tyre-makers *aren't* tyremaking.

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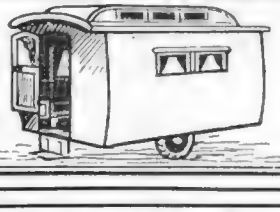

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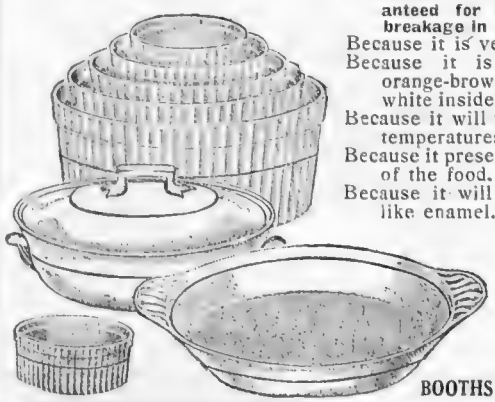

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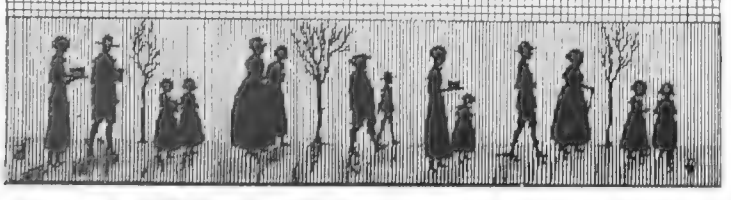

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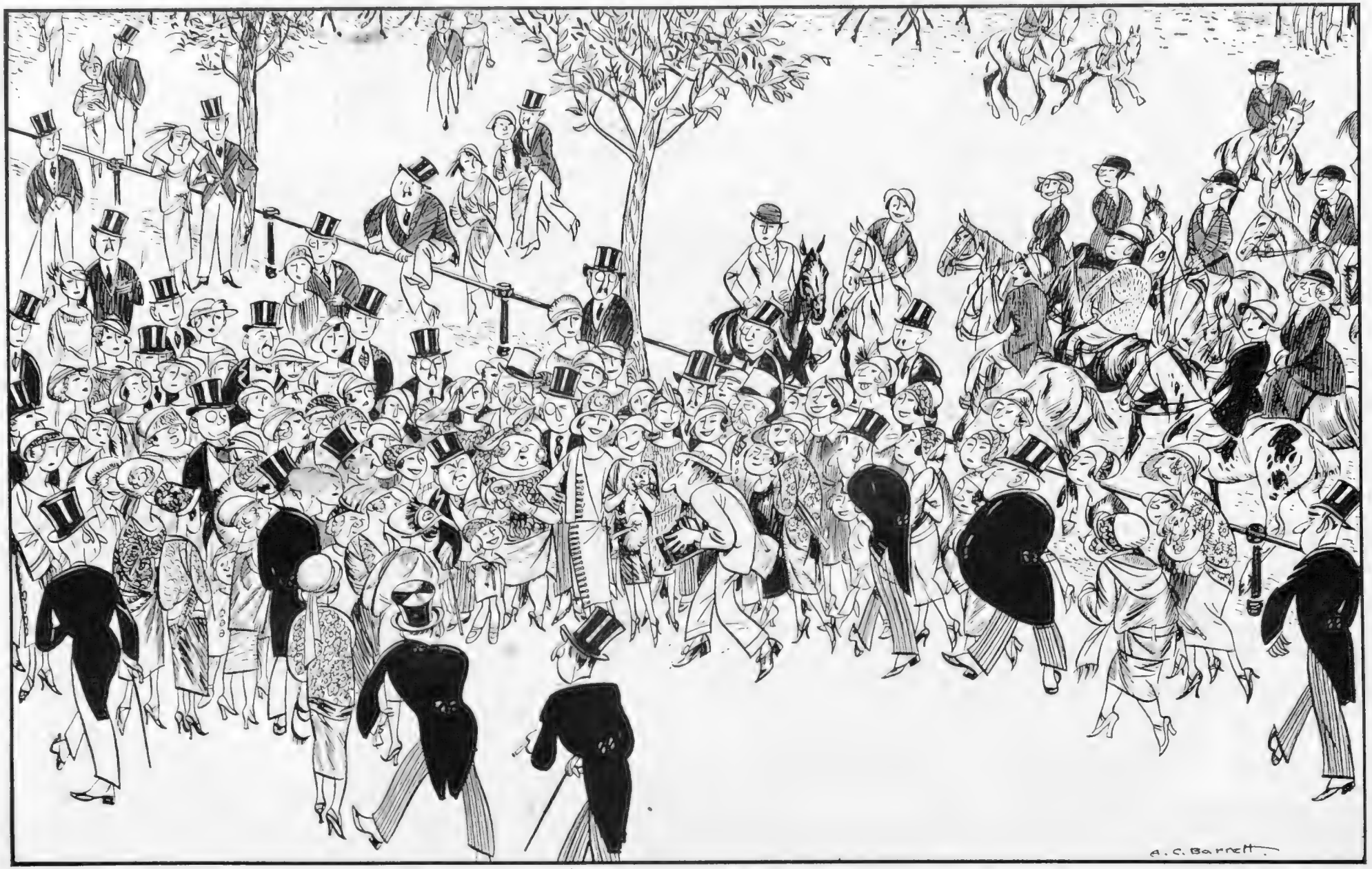
The Bystander, May 14, 1924 No 1067. Vol. LXXXII.

The BYSTANDER

Photograph *Bassano*

MISS DOROTHY BENTHAM

Who is cast for the character of "Miss 1924" in the Pageant of Beauty at the British Empire Exhibition at Wembley



BY A. C. FARRETT

A SOCIETY PHOTOGRAPHER TAKES HIS SUNDAY MORNING STROLL IN THE PARK

BYSTANDER COMMENTS

My Splendid Suggestion

THE Wembley Exhibition is getting into its stride, and is confounding those critics who would sell the Empire itself for the sake of a stunt. What we have got to remember is that this is *our* Fair. Not *his* Fair, not *their* Fair. When we complain that the rain has left puddles in the roadway we are fouling our own nest. If we must criticise, our criticisms should be constructive in character. And that being the case, I have thought out a splendid suggestion of my very own. I suggest that the Exhibition should be thrown open on Sundays to holders of Fellowship tickets. This is done at the Zoo with quite successful results. It would keep out the rougher element, and the sale of season tickets would reach a phenomenal pitch. The Amusement Park might be closed as a sop to the good folk who think it is wicked to laugh on Sundays—and there you are!

At the Oval

IF it is true that every cricket crowd gets the heroes it deserves, then there is poetic justice in the strange chance that brought Jack Hobbs, Bill Hitch, and Percy Fender—those three splendid musketeers—to the Oval. For the Oval crowd is the jolliest collection of humanity that you would find in a month's march round all the cricket fields of England. Down Kennington way, we may lack the *finesse* and repose of the Hove County Ground, and the gas-works may be less picturesque to look upon than Cheltenham College, but when it comes to the game, we *do* know what we are talking about. And we have a sense of humour, what's more! You should hear us bandying cross-talk with the ladies and gentlemen on the buses that go by. "Who's winning?" asks the gent. "Chelsea!" we reply, and while we are laughing Billitch has caught a couple, or Fender has smashed the pavilion clock again.

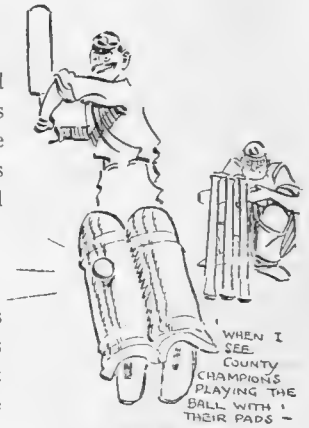
Bill and Perce

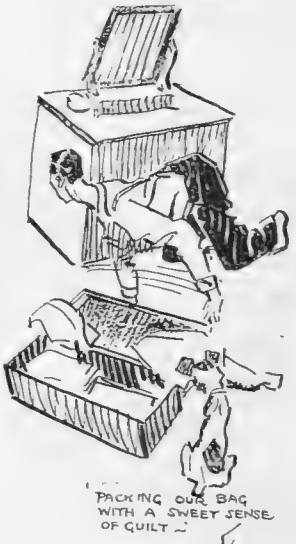
THERE never were two such cricket heroes as Bill and Perce. Gilbert Jessop, who is now deeply involved in the golf game down at Edgeware—which is Hendon way—was the mighty hitter of all time, but there is something about the double turn, whether at the Holborn Empire or at the Oval, which has a decided pull over the single variety. Bill and Perce would have made a fortune on the halls. They are so care-free that the dark clouds of apprehension and doubt never obscure the blue skies of their splendid achievement. You never find yourself holding your breath while they are at the wicket. You can enjoy their prodigies of valour from the word go, for they infect you with their own confidence, and the first ball is among the spectators in the twinkling of a bat. This will be a vintage year for Surrey cricket—Bill and Perce will see to that.

The Danger of Safety

I AM one of those people who are a little worried over the future of British cricket. The dangerous doctrine of "Safety First" may be all very well for busmen, but it leaves me cold when I find it invading the batting crease. When I see county champions playing the ball with their pads, I pass to the back of the pavilion and drink to their early downfall. Like Queen Victoria, I am "not amused." To play a breaking ball with the pads should be looked upon as bad form and earn the disapproval of the crowd—always supposing that it is not possible to alter the ridiculous rule that has brought this depressing state of affairs into being. Let the batsman learn to look upon the bat as his sole weapon of

(Continued on page 445)





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ALL PHOTOGRAPHERS

will find announcements of interest to them on page 430. When replying to advertisements, please mention "The Bystander."

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defence, and when he sticks his leg in the way let him be branded as the craven that he really is.

St. Sol

Soon after Easter, when the sun can really be depended upon to shine for two days on end, we reach a festival that does not figure in the calendar. It is dedicated to no saint in particular—unless it be St. Sol—and many of you will learn of its existence for the first time.

The Little Holiday

For the sake of convenience I will call it the Little Holiday, to distinguish it from the Big Holiday of late summer and early autumn. We steal it under various pretexts, and, like all stolen joys, it is very sweet. Usually, our pretext is over-work, or a touch of flu, or an unexpected windfall, or the sickness of a relative—or a touch of sun—Spring sun, calling us into the lanes and fields where violets and daffodils are all a-blowing.

A Sense of Guilt

The important thing about the Little Holiday is that it shall be filched from the hard and unfeeling world—not as money we have earned, but as a windfall that has come to us from Nowhere in Particular. It must be decided upon suddenly. We must act on the impulse of the moment, packing our bag with a sweet sense of guilt and stealing to the station down unaccustomed by-ways, lest we be hauled back at the last moment. Myself, I started on my Little Holiday this year seated on the floor of a cab with my head under the cushions.

Where I Went

Does it interest you to know where my Little Holiday is being spent, or have I bored you sufficiently? I shall take the risk. From Kensington I proceeded, ostrich fashion, to Victoria; from Victoria to Newhaven, and from Newhaven to Dieppe, which is always extraordinarily bearable in the Spring, even though it *does* get a trifle suburban later in the summer. If you have a spare week-end this side of Whitsun, you might do much worse than run across to Dieppe, for the golf is good, the Casino is open and the big battalions are still camped on the other side of the hill.

The Widows of Normandy

And if you *do* go to Dieppe, be sure you spend Saturday morning in or round about the Place Nationale. Seated on the curb, you will find all the widows of Normandy, selling eggs, butter, cheese and chickens to anyone who will buy. On a Saturday morning Dieppe is full of baskets—the full baskets of the country and the empty baskets of the town. Gradually, as the result of much bartering and many cheerful recriminations, the full baskets become empty and the empty baskets become full. Then, with their sous tucked away in their stockings, the Widows of Normandy pick up their little stools, leaving us to eat their eggs, their butter, their chickens and their cheese—a pleasant enough occupation, as you can imagine.

A PREFERENTIAL POSER By Morse

A Minor Moral

There is a sort of minor moral to be gleaned from the activities of the Place Nationale on a bright Saturday morning in May. The Widows of Normandy do not confine themselves to the more conventional products of the countryside. They are prepared to sell any mortal thing that they can lay their hands on. They go through the hedges and ditches with a fine tooth comb, and nothing is allowed to run to waste. They force the country to stand and deliver until it is stripped as bare as a bald man's head. Coming down through Sussex, I saw the woods and railway banks of Balcombe alive with primroses—acres of yellow blossom using up gallons of sunshine and giving nothing but pleasure to railway passengers in return. You wouldn't find that sort of thing in Normandy. They are even selling branches of apple blossom in the Place Nationale!

Critical Days

The stage is deeply stirred by the aggressive attitude of the hitherto rather moribund Actors' Association. Time was when the A.A. was sniffed at as the London rallying point of lesser-known provincial actors, and, for a short period, a rather silly magazine was sent out to the faithful few. Now, all that is changed, and Mr. Alfred Lugg is getting a decided move on in the best Trades Union manner. Somebody has engineered splendid upsets at Barrow and Glasgow, and is doubtless looking very pleased with himself. These are critical days for the Stage. The managers are paying all the salaries that they can afford, and if the small-part players are to receive more money the stars will have to submit to an equivalent reduction.

Pity the Bad Men

We are all in favour, I suppose, of raising the status of the weaker brethren in every profession, but if I were a member of the Committee of the Actors' Association I should keep a watchful eye on the activities of Mr. Lugg. There are bad employers who should be scragged, but there are good employers who should be treated with consideration in these difficult times. I don't like to hear of reputable managers having pistols held at their heads on the eve of productions. The managers may be very bad men, but they provide employment for a great many members of the Actors' Association, and if I am told that Mr. Arthur Bourchier is backing the A.A. in their crusade, I remind my informant that Mr. Bourchier has let his theatre and is taking no managerial risks at the moment.

From Our Portrait Gallery

Photograph *Speaight*

LADY DERING

The wife of Sir Herbert Dering, the British Minister Plenipotentiary to Roumania. Sir Herbert and Lady Dering are at present in this country in connection with the Roumanian Royal visit to England

Who, When & Where

BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY

Our Royal Roumanian Visitors

THE last time Queen Marie of Roumania visited her native land was in 1919, but that occasion was more of a private nature, as at that time her second son, Prince Nicholas, was at Eton. The present visit of their Majesties is the first one that the Roumanian Sovereigns have paid since the Union of their country. As originally planned, it was to include France, Italy, Spain, and Great Britain, but owing to the troubled state of Spain the visit to that country had to be cancelled. This, in itself, is a little index of the altered condition of things since the continual exchange of Royal visits in pre-War days, but the advent of our Royal visitors is noteworthy as giving a cachet to this season that marks something of a return to pre-War brilliance.

anybody can dance the seven nights of the week in as many different places if they choose to pay for it. You can even shake hands with a Duchess whom you have never seen before, and probably will never see again, if you buy a ticket for a charity ball at which the lady has been persuaded to receive the guests.

I'm not going to pursue the argument any further, but I commend my statement to the Socialists. I think it should appeal to them. Surely it is the very essence of "democracy"?

Photographs *Central Press*

OUR ROYAL VISITORS

King Ferdinand and Queen Marie of Roumania who arrived at Victoria on Monday en route for Buckingham Palace. The Queen, who is a granddaughter of Queen Victoria, and (on her mother's side) of Tsar Alexander II, is an authoress of talent. King Ferdinand I is the son of Leopold of Hohenzollern and Antonia of Portugal

Photograph *L. N. A.*

"DEAR LITTLE BUTTERCUP"

Prince Henry, as President of the Royal National Orthopædic Hospital, buying "buttercups" at the Fulham Depot in aid of the hospital. The group, taken outside the Fulham Town Hall, includes the Mayor and Mayoress of Fulham

As We Were

WAGNER at Covent Garden, and rushing out in the specially-arranged pause for a hasty dinner, likewise specially arranged by the *chefs* of the restaurants near by, puts yet another touch on our return to pre-War conditions. In fact, moving about London in this glittering month of May, the only War scars left seem to be the income tax, the price of whisky, and the inability to fill an empty cigarette case after eight o'clock at night.

Although the Opera has returned to us, and has brought the London season back to normal, there is one big difference between the season of to-day and pre-War seasons. This is the dancing one can get everywhere nowadays wherever you dine or sup. Some of the young folk don't consider they have dined unless they dance between the courses. They are certainly luckier than the young folk of the generation immediately before them. They have, at the least, fifty per cent. more amusement, and if any he or she can be dull in London now, the fault must lie with themselves. In old days one had to be asked out in order to dance. Nowadays

A Spring Cleaning

THERE was a tremendous spring-cleaning at Covent Garden before the opening night. The old house never had such a furbishing. I hear that nearly a ton of dust was taken from the seats, curtains, etc., by vacuum cleaners. Not a corner was left unswept and ungarnished.

The Prince as Clubman

THE Prince of Wales, like many other male members of the Royal Family, is a member of the Marlborough Club, which is still as exclusive as when it was founded for King Edward when he was Prince of Wales.

The Marlborough is in Pall Mall, nearly opposite to the gates of Marlborough House, and consequently was of great service to King Edward, when Prince. He could see all the people he wished to see, and hear all the latest talk in politics and Society whenever he had the leisure, by just walking across the road.

The Prince of Wales does not share his grandfather's liking for the Marlborough. He prefers Pratt's, an old-fashioned club

Photograph *G. P. U.*

A WHITE CITY INTERLUDE

The Queen receiving a bouquet from Miss Booth on leaving the British Industries Fair at Shepherd's Bush. Their Majesties spent a busy two hours sightseeing and shopping

Photograph *Sport and General*

Cracknel's Verdict of Notts, a wire-haired gentleman of worth, and his owner, the Duchess of Newcastle

Photograph *Alfieri*

Miss Edith Watts, with Szulie (right) and Lady Angela who took two firsts and a certificate with all the dignity of a St. Bernard

in Park Lane, small, and with no rules and regulations as to dressing for dinner such as obtain at the Marlborough.

After a strenuous afternoon at polo, or a late game of racquets after a function, you will often find the Prince dining at Pratt's in the comfort of a soft collar, and the garments which are called a "lounge suit."

The expression has always baffled me. Why "lounge suit"? I've asked many tailors the reason of the name, but I have never had a satisfactory explanation. One ingenious artist of the scissors told me that the name originally arose because you could sit down in a "lounge suit," without having to pull up the tails as you do with a morning coat. So I take it that "lounge" originally meant that you could sprawl yourself abroad on sofa or deep easy chair without danger to crushing or crumpling "tails."

A Difficulty and its Solution

THE Duke and Duchess of York, like many other people who have settled near Richmond, Roehampton or Kingston, have found that however delightful the *rus in urbe* may be, the constant going to and fro during the season becomes somewhat trying. If you are lunching or dining in London it means going home to dress. Some days three journeys in and out are necessary, and in the case of the Duke and Duchess their ceaseless public functions add to the strain, and likewise the number, of daily motor journeys. Residence at White Lodge at this crowded time of the year means a constant arrangement of plans so that they can dovetail into one another without extra motoring—rather like a jig-saw puzzle.

Chesterfield House, which has been lent to the Duke and Duchess by Lord Lascelles and Princess Mary, solves the difficulties of White Lodge for this summer. Princess Mary, as I mentioned a little time back, will not be in London this season, so Chesterfield House would have stood empty.

Photograph *Alfieri*

Miss Olga Fox and Miss K. Fox with their two Borzois. Fifty-two of these distinguished foreign visitors showed themselves at Olympia

PROMINENT "FEATURES" AT THE LADIES' KENNEL ASSOCIATION CHAMPIONSHIP SHOW

The L. K. A. held their Annual Show at Olympia this year, doubtless with remembrances of last year's tent un-pegging display by the wind in Richmond Old Deer Park still fresh in the memories of woman and beast. There were nearly two thousand entries for over seven hundred classes, and some excellent showing

It is an open secret that Queen Alexandra has for some time past wished to hand Marlborough House over to the Prince of Wales. If this arrangement were made, the Duke and Duchess of York would probably have the vacated York House for their London residence.

Spencer House

LORD and Lady Spencer have returned to Spencer House, St. James's. It is one of the few town houses still in the possession of the families of their original owners. Lord Strafford's house and Norfolk House, both in St. James's Square, Apsley House, and Bridgwater House, the last a near neighbour of Spencer House, are four others that occur to me, but they practically complete the list.

Princess Christopher of Greece rented Spencer House for some years, first as Mrs. Leeds, the vastly rich American widow, and later when she became a Greek Princess and a Royal Highness. After the first Greek *débâcle* it sheltered many members of the Greek Royal family.

Photograph *Sport and General*

Miss Betty Vlasto with Mrs. A. A. Vlasto's "Addlestone" team of Borzois—Otlai, Milka and Asper of that ilk—winners of two championships and seven firsts

Lady Spencer is expected to give a big ball in the fine old house for her sister-in-law, Lady Alexandra Spencer, one of this season's *débutantes*.

The World is to the Young

SPEAKING of *débutantes*, one notices this year that girls are coming out much earlier than they used to do. Eighteen, even nineteen, used to be considered the fit and proper age for a young woman to make her entry into Society. Now the age seems to be seventeen, in some cases even earlier than that.

The attitude of mothers to daughters and of daughters to mothers is so completely altered that, perhaps, here we have the explanation. Your modern mother likes her girls to have a good time. She makes friends of her girls, with the result that even whilst they are children they go about with her a good deal. Once a girl has her hair up there is no reason—

Photograph *Alfieri*

TIME TABLE TALK

Mrs. Wilson, Lady Burrell and Lord Chesham at the United Hunt 'Chases at Lingfield

Photograph *Alfieri*

THE SEE SIDE OF THINGS

Miss Holness, Miss McColm and Miss Matthews at the United Hunt Meeting at Lingfield

so many mothers and girls argue—that she should remain a half-fish, half-fowl sort of person, belonging properly neither to the schoolroom nor the drawing-room, until she is eighteen or nineteen.

Most girls, too, go out a great deal to "young people's" dances long before their "official" entrance into Society, so the modern mother says: "Why not throw open the doors and let the girls have a good time whilst they are young and have all the zest of youth to enjoy the good things that may come their way?" And the partial extinction of the chaperon has certainly made the girl of seventeen to-day a much more independent and self-reliant person than her own mother at the same age.

The Royal Amateur Art Society

THE annual exhibition of this interesting society was opened by Lady Patricia Ramsay on Monday at 37, Charles Street, Berkeley Square, lent by the Hon. Mrs. Robert Lindsay. The great

Photograph *Special Press*

IN MY OLD KENT-UCKY HOME

Viscountess Cobham's four daughters snapped on the estate at Oakley House, Bromley, with their Skye terrier—sorry, it has grown since the picture was taken—their Shetland pony. The "mounted" infant-ry are Lavinia, Viola and Audrey, with their eldest sister, the Hon. Meriel Lyttelton, as "No. 4" of the troop

Photograph *Sport and General*

MRS. PARSONS AND MRS. R. O. HAMBRO

attraction in the loan annexe is the collection of candlesticks and drinking vessels of all kinds up to the year 1800. To this the King sent a jewelled crystal goblet, a carved and jewelled ivory tankard, and some silver candlesticks. There is an interesting collection, too, of water-colour drawings by Hoppner, and pastels and drawings by J. R. Smith.

The American Ambassadress, Mrs. Kellogg, opens the Exhibition to-day. It remains open over to-morrow. The proceeds will be divided between the East London Nursing Society, the Florence Nightingale Hospital for Gentlewomen, and the Professional and Business Women's Hospital League. Some of the amateur paintings shown are quite as good as anything that could be done by a professional artist.

Before disposing of the *Morning Post* Lady Bathurst had fortunately found time to make lacquer candlesticks and a paper rack, which she is showing at the exhibition, and excellent lacquer work it is. There is a goodly show of lace made by amateurs. I'm afraid your Bystander doesn't know much about lace, but he was told by a knowledgeable lady friend that Lady Muriel Watkins's Limerick lace scarf and Lady Brabourne's chair-cover, worked in *petit point*, were the last thing in the perfection of lace-making.

LADIES' PARLIAMENTARY GOLF AT MOOR PARK

Although there was quite a fair average of entries for the Ladies' Parliamentary Golf Tournament, nine players having scratched, the field was considerably reduced

Photograph *Photo Illus.*

MISS M. BARNES GORELL AND MRS. BUNBURY

Photograph *Sport and General*

MISS J. ROGERS

Subtle Distinctions

THE following was overheard at a party:

A Lady of Quality chaperoning an American girl in London: "My dear, did I hear the Duchess of —— call you by your Christian name just now?"

American Girl: "That was so. I thought it kind and very friendly of her."

Lady of Quality: "You mustn't let her do it again. If anyone hears her calling you by your Christian name they will think you are a friend of hers, and you will never get to know the right people. You see, the Duchess is notorious for knowing *anybody!*"

The American girl was left pondering over the subtle social distinctions between English Duchesses.

Baffled

THE recent conviction of an international jewel thief has brought to light a curious story. Some time ago a steward was wanted in a large establishment in the country. A man applied for the situation, and as his references were exceptionally good, his record and appearance all that could be desired, he was engaged. He knew his work thoroughly, and in a few weeks became a great favourite in the household, both above and below stairs.

The lady of the house was convinced she had seen the man before, but could not recollect where. In answer to questioning

Photograph *Special Press*

ON THE STANMORE LINKS

A scene during the qualifying round of the Middlesex Ladies' Golf Championship at Stanmore. The photograph shows: Lady Carisbrooke (left), Miss Ethel Leitch, and Miss Cecil Leitch, who won the scratch prize with 79

Photograph *L. N. A.*

MISS HUNNEWELL AND MISS MOLLY GOURLAY

the man, most respectfully, told her she was mistaken, as he had never seen her until he came into her house.

For two months the new steward gave every satisfaction. One night there was a large dinner-party for a Royal visitor, and the lady of the house wore jewels which are famous.

During the evening the steward said to the lady's maid :

" I didn't know her ladyship had such magnificent jewels. I've never seen anything like them."

" Oh, those are not the real ones ! They're imitations," said the maid. " The real ones are in the bank ; in fact, her ladyship never wears them except when she goes to Court or some big party in London."

The next morning the steward had disappeared. Nothing more was heard of him, but inquiry showed that his exceptional references were forgeries. Months after, the international jewel thief was sentenced to a long term of imprisonment. His photograph in a Sunday paper was at once recognised in the servants' hall as that of the vanished steward.

Now, the jewels worn by the lady of the house were the real ones. The maid had told the taradiddle on the spur of the moment because she didn't like the man's interest in her mistress's jewels. Obviously, the imitation steward felt it useless to waste any more time waiting for a chance to steal imitation jewels, so departed secretly and speedily.

When she was shown the photograph in the newspaper the lady of the house remembered what had been puzzling her all the time the thief was in her service—where she had seen him before. His hat—in which she had never seen him in her house—set her memory working. He had stayed in the same hotel as her sister and herself—both well-known for their jewels—at an hotel in Monte Carlo !

Not the Cinema

I HAPPENED to be in Bond Street last week when a jeweller's window was smashed, and a diamond necklace stolen. I did not see the actual breaking of the window, but, like everybody else, thought the dashing Ford car, followed by another car, hung all over with policemen, was a cinema " stunt."

An elderly military man standing on the pavement beside me waxed indignant over the " impudence " of the film-photographer and the film-producer.

" They seem to care nothing about killing themselves and other people, too," he said, " so long as they can get a sensation.

SURREY LADIES' GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP

Played last week on the old course at Walton Heath, the Championship was won by Miss Joyce Wethered, who beat Miss Hunnewell by 3 and 1

Photograph *Photo Illus.*

MISS M. MACKAY AND MISS ALDRIDGE

But this is the limit, rushing through Bond Street at this time of day ! The police ought to put a stop to it ! "

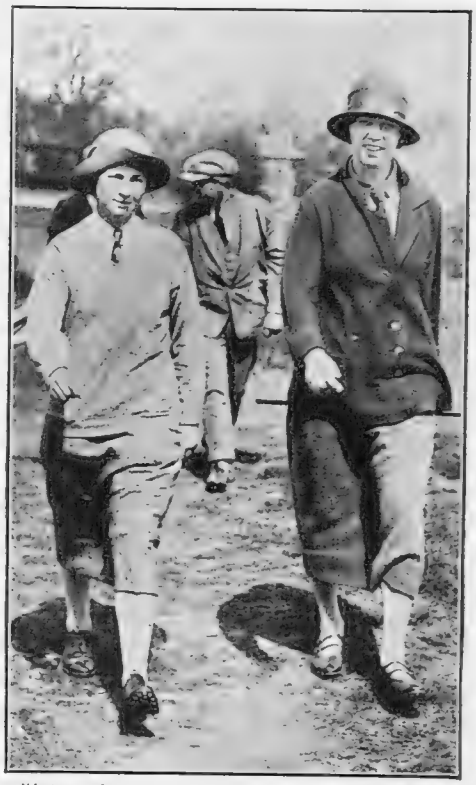
It was only when the police began to blow their whistles that the military gentleman, myself, and several score of other folks realised we had had a sensation quite as thrilling as anything you could see on a film.

The Swaythling Silver

THE sale of the Swaythling silver at Christie's last week exceeded all the estimates as to its proceeds. The £90,000 realised was beyond the anticipation of the most learned connoisseurs in old silver. On each of the two days of the sale the rooms were crowded, and naturally so, for the sale was one of the events of the week.

A Lecture on Pierre Loti

THE Institut Français in Cromwell Gardens—where, during a period of the War one was wont to see German prisoners of war staring out of the upper windows — entertained a distinguished guest in the person of Monsieur Claude Farrère, the novelist and critic, last Thursday. Monsieur Farrère, who is



Photograph *Photo Illus.*

MISS JOYCE WETHERED AND MISS P. READ

perhaps best known to the British public as the author of *Fumée d'Opium*, *La Bataille*, and, more recently, *Mademoiselle Dax, Jeune Fille*, is considered by many critics as the disciple upon whose shoulders the mantle of Pierre Loti has fallen. At

Photograph *Photo Illus.*

LADY FLOUD

Photograph *H. I. Jarman*

A FAMILY AFFAIR

Lady Marjorie Erskine, the daughter of the Marquess of Bristol, with her two children. Lord Erskine, who served in the War with the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, is the eldest son of the Earl of Mar and Kellie

any rate, he was the friend and comrade of the great French novelist, whose reserve and shyness gave him the *nom de plume* of the Indian flower that blushes unseen; and he served under him in the French Navy. Monsieur Farrère, in his lecture on Pierre Loti, showed some of us who know him only through his books, that in addition to his great gifts as a writer, he possesses a fine delivery, an impassioned declamatory style, and a distinguished platform presence. The lecture was eagerly listened to by a large audience which included the French Ambassador and the Comtesse de Saint Aulaire, the Belgian Ambassador, the Countess Ahlefeldt (wife of the Danish Minister), Lord and Lady Askwith, Lady Hardwicke, Lady Evelyn Graham, and Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Bourchier. Mr. W. B. Maxwell was in the chair. In his few words of welcome, he said that for every Englishman who speaks French haltingly, there are perhaps five hundred who read it fluently, a sentiment which one cordially endorses. On Saturday, Monsieur Emil Coué was invited to lecture to members of the Institut Français at a special session.

Photograph *E. O. Hoppé*

MADAME NICHOLAS TITULESCU

The wife of the Roumanian Minister who opened the Roumanian Arts and Crafts Exhibition now on at the Dorien Leigh Galleries

Photograph *F. A. Swaine*

MRS HOWARD DONOVAN

The wife of the American Vice-Consul, in the dress she is to wear for her presentation at Court

The St. Dunstan's Ball

Two bands were required for the ball at Grosvenor House given in aid of St. Dunstan's. All the world and its parents and grandmothers were there, so St. Dunstan's should benefit greatly. The Prince of Wales dined with the Duchess of Westminster at Bourdon House before the ball.

A Nagasaki Night—As London Does It

Impressions by Miss Helen McKie of the first of a new series of *Diners Fleuris* at the Hotel Metropole—*Une Nuit de Nagasaki*. Here one dines and wines, and, of course, dances, in and out from between old gold pillars trellised with wisteria and cherry blossom. And here, too, dance lovely Marjorie Moss and the graceful Georges Fontana, with their own special Western wistfulness under a very Japanese sky

Motley Musings

THREE gentlemen were criticising the most-talked-of Academy picture.

"I don't care for it," said Number One.

"So it seems," said Number Two. "But what would you do to that robe?"

"Sew its seams," replied Number Three. "And the general verdict is?"

"Stow it, Sims!" they remarked in unison.

. . . . . .

THE Secretary of the Actors' Association seems to have stirred up a hornet's nest, and Mr. Dennis Eadie seems to have indulged in a little Lugg pulling.

. . . .

Q.E.D.

To keep the actors' calling free
(As Euclid might have said, maybe),
That is the actors' CUE, EADIE!

. . . .

MR. ARNOLD BENNETT, according to his articles in a contemporary, appears to be finding the castles in Spain unsatisfactory. We always suspected them to be an delusion.

. . . .

A REVIEWER states that Mr. H. G. Wells' latest book is "truth personified." But Truth is traditionally at the bottom of the Wells.

. . . .

JUDGING from the speeches recently delivered from the stage of a London theatre, we fear that at least one of our theatrical idols has feet of Clay.

. . . .

THE unseasonable weather has been affecting the attendances at the Oval. Even enthusiasts have preferred to keep—

Their feet upon the Fender,
And the kettle on their Hobbs.

IT was no consolation to those gentlemen who were badly bitten over the Two Thousand that they "got it straight from the horse's mouth!"

. . . . . .

"MUMMY, how old is grandfather?" inquired Miss Peggy.

"Nearly ninety, dear."

"Oh, then, I suppose he is playing a hundred up!"

. . . . . .

OUR cricket reporters are at it again. In a certain match runs had to be got against time, and the scribe thus described the situation: "Messrs. X and Y strode to the wickets to contest the issue with the Scythe-Bearer!"

. . . . . .

IT is alleged that Miss Mary Pickford takes no interest in sport. Yet we can vouch for the fact that she has shot stockings.

. . . . .

EVE was certainly the first business woman to make use of a loose leaf diary.

. . . . . .

A NUMBER of members of a metropolitan golf course are said to be suffering from a form of recurrent influenza. Is this the overlapping grippe we hear so much about?

. . . . . .

COCKTAIL FASHIONS

Once the universal pattern
Was the excellent MANHATTAN;

Soft as silk so crepe-de-Chine-y
Then advanced the dry MARTINI;

Later some potential squabblers
Patched things up with SHERRY-COBBLERS.

Afterwards from Yankee Land too,
Came the BRONX *and* MONKEY GLAND, *too.*

Still for those who like to wander,
ABSINTHE *makes the heart grow fonder!*

. . . . . .

A LADY at Kingston, annoyed with her *fiancé*, threw her necklace in his face. This obviously seems a case of casting pearls before swain.

. . . . . .

SAID the eminent comedian to the eminent librettist, "This is a poor part for an actor of my experience."

"Sorry," replied the author, "but I'm afraid your memory's going."

"Is it?" snorted the other. "Well, judging by your jokes, *yours isn't!*"

. . . . . .

A TRIFLING UNKIND

Dear Auntie, I'm going (together
With hubby) away for a week,
So write to inquire of you whether
You'd kindly look after my Peke?
Her coat needs a LOT *of attention;*
She's getting quite terribly stout;
I comb her for HOURS, *I must mention—*
But, PLEASE, *do not put yourself out!*

2

And, Auntie, I really must ask it,
I AM *so devoted to her,*
Be sure that you get her a basket,
And line it (you've got an old fur!);
I'm sure that you'll both have a great time:
Just nurse her through any bad bout;
And take her out TWICE *in the daytime—*
But, PLEASE, *do not put yourself out!*

3

Oh, dear, I'd forgotten her diet!
Let her toy with a chicken perhaps;
If not, there's a chop—you might try it,
And don't be alarmed if she snaps;
She'll soon get to recognise YOUR *step;*
Oh, ONE *thing she can't do without—*
Put a bag of bones out on the doorstep,
But, please, do not put YOURSELF *out!*

HARTLEY CARRICK

By ALFRED LEETE

FELIX KEEPS ON TALKING

A Pound-ary of Flesh

BY E. T. REED

ANTONIO (Sir James Craig): "By my soul I swear
There is no power in the tongue of man
To alter me. I stay here on my bond"

SHYLOCK: "Hould an there, me bhoy! That's *moy* spache! It's meself that says ut in the book. All *you've* got to do is to kape on beggin' fer mhercy—*and not gettin' ut!*"

PEOPLE AT PLAY

THE TIPSTER.

By "PENDARVES"

One of the mysteries of life, to me at any rate, is the spectacle of the man absorbed to the point of oblivion in his newspaper just before lunch. He is not reading the news of the day, as you and I understand news. The shattering official statement that the South Africans are about to recover on a wet wicket, which has deprived me of all appetite, is a matter of no consequence whatever to him. No. He is wading word by cryptic word through the daily columns of his favourite tipster, seeking that knowledge which will presently denude him of another five-pound note when the results come through on the tape.

To the man who "follows form," from a chair in the club smoking-room, the daily comments and prognostigations of "Captain Courageous" and "Roland Goodegg," and *savants* of that sort, are, I suppose, as clear as mud to him. Personally, I find their dark sayings and prophecies exceedingly difficult to fathom.

For instance, I happen to be closely interested in the race for the Great Elusive Stakes at Immingham on, say, Wednesday — (it does not matter what race or what day, the pathos is the same throughout the season), — because one of the favourites is a horse called Serve-You-Right, and I happen to know from a cousin of mine, who is "well in" with the trainer's greatest friend, that Serve-You-Right is what my cousin calls "strongly fancied by the stable, who have some heavy money invested."

But when, having plunged wildly, I turn for comfort to Mr. Goodegg, I find a solemnity of this sort.

"There is no disposition to regard Wednesday's Elusive Stakes as limited to the chances of a brace of candidates, albeit Serve-You-Right will start a fairly strong favourite. He stays, is nicely weighted, and appears perfectly fit for this test of endurance." (Well, that sounds all right, this Goodegg fellow evidently knows something—probably an intimate friend of "the stable."). "He cannot, however, be in better trim than Toldyouso, whose winter work has earned such distinction and whose penalty does not raise his burthen (*sic*) beyond the poundage giving him a most excellent chance. His rider, Stanley Whoamare, is one of fortune's favourites just now, and I understand that Toldyouso is very much fancied in the right quarter."

This last oracle utterance is anything but all right, and has the effect on me of immediate panic. Nobody ever warned me of Toldyouso. Good heavens! I insinuate myself among the knowing ones round the tape, seeking succour. They say things like this: No. 1 says, "Toldyouso? Don't be silly! Hasn't a hope. No. Polly Doodle will win that race, mark my words." No. 2 says, "Toldyouso, yes, a good horse, very, rather fancy it myself. What? Serve-You-Right? Daaaooo! (In racing parlance this is an emphatic 'No.') I should lay off, my son, if I were you."

I proceed to do so, now thoroughly unsettled and despondent.

The curious thing is that none of these horses is in the first three. More curious still is the fact that the knowing ones are utterly unmoved about it. The Tipster in next morning's paper does no more than glance off the subject by such evasive remarks as "The Mahchong stable have been consistently unlucky this season. . . ." Not a syllable to the thousands of humble half-crowners who hang daily upon his words. It is a callous trade.

Then there is the problem of the Derby. You have got to have a bit on the Derby, come what may, your self-respect as a man of the world demands it. Hence for a fortnight ahead you sweep up the crumbs of wisdom that fall from the tipster's column as follows: "Cantaloupe also holds a chance, and if Felicity be the selected from B. Effes stable she is entitled to respect as a stayer, despite her fifteen failures in sixteen races last season." These fifteen failures finish you with regard to Felicity, and, of course, you ignore her utterly henceforward, and equally, of course, she wins.

The tipster in the early days of the Derby betting goes a bit cautiously. I mean this kind of thing is safe enough surely?

"In any attempt to forecast the Derby result a few facts emerge clearly. Firstly, that Bow-Wow is not the horse we first anticipated. Secondly, that the Hasbeen Stable holds the probable winner. . ." As the Hasbeen Stable have only got four horses entered for the great event the tipster is really showing great perspicacity in laying a problematical finger upon them.

I am becoming more and more inclined to follow the evolutions performed by a man I know who has a bet regularly once a fortnight. His method is that of the shut-eye and the pin poised above the list of Probable Starters and Jockeys.

He says there is at least an element of chance and excitement about this method.

There is certainly none about those I have hitherto employed.

It is merely monotonous glancing down the bookmaker's "You Lose" column week after week. And hideously expensive.

By Stan Terry

"THE PLAY'S THE THING"

Golf Instructor (*to Pupil*) "Ye maun tak things mair seriously. Ye seem tae think gowf is naething mair than a game!"

Enter the Otter

IN POLE-LAND

A study in poles at a recent meet of the Crowhurst Otterhounds. The Master, Mr. S. W. Varndell, seen second from the left, who has held office since 1904, is also Huntsman to the Pack

OFF THE BEATEN TRACK

Miss K. V. Varndell, one of the Whips of the Crowhurst Otterhounds, with two of her charges at the recent meet held at Ashurst. She is the daughter of the Master

Photographs *Alfieri*

MOTTO: "OTTER BOY"

Major Scott, the secretary of the Crowhurst Otterhounds, and Mr. Laker at the meet. Unlike any other form of hunting, otterhounds meet in the summer, the season extending from May to October

A FOUR BEFORE THE FRAY

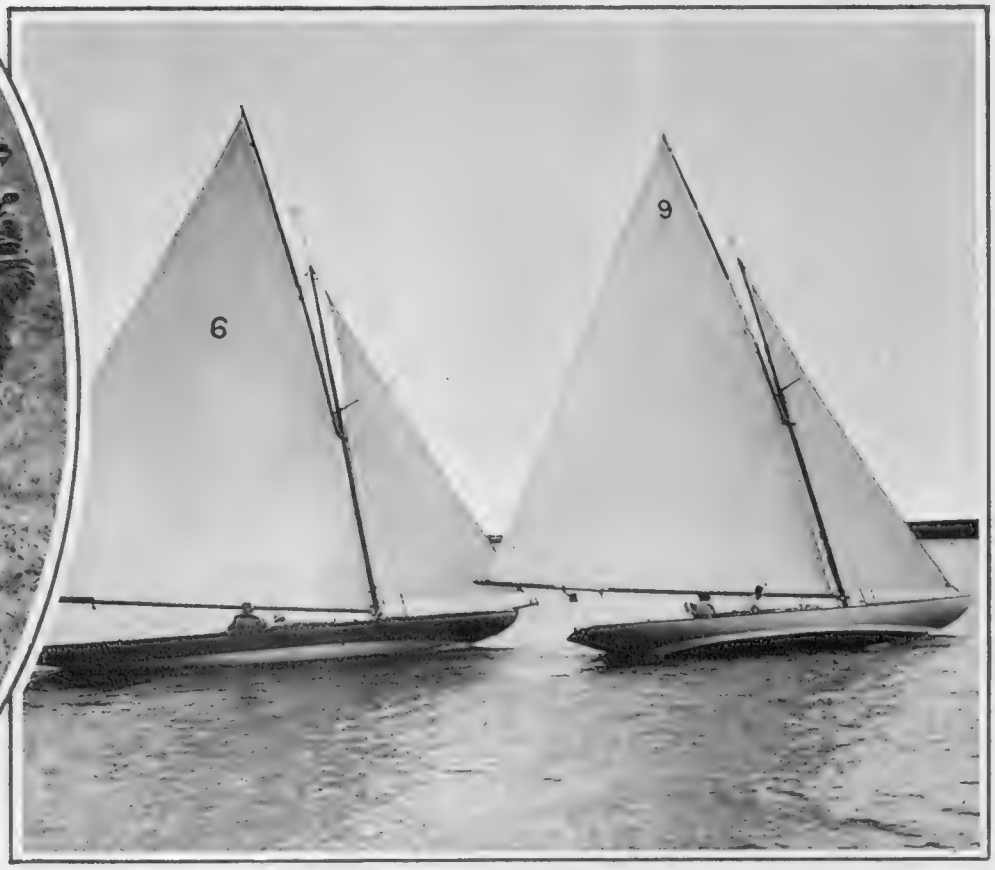
Four followers of the Crowhurst photographed at a recent meet, who, to judge by their appearance, anticipate a stick-y time. The group shows: Major Henderson (left), Mrs. Varndell, Mr. Lack and Miss Nessing

A Mixed Foursome of Sport

Photograph *Photo Illus.*

"ROUGH" LUCK

Mr J Martin, a one-armed golfer, playing from "the rough" during the recent open bogey competition for the St. Dunstan's Cup at Stoke Poges



Photograph *Special Press*

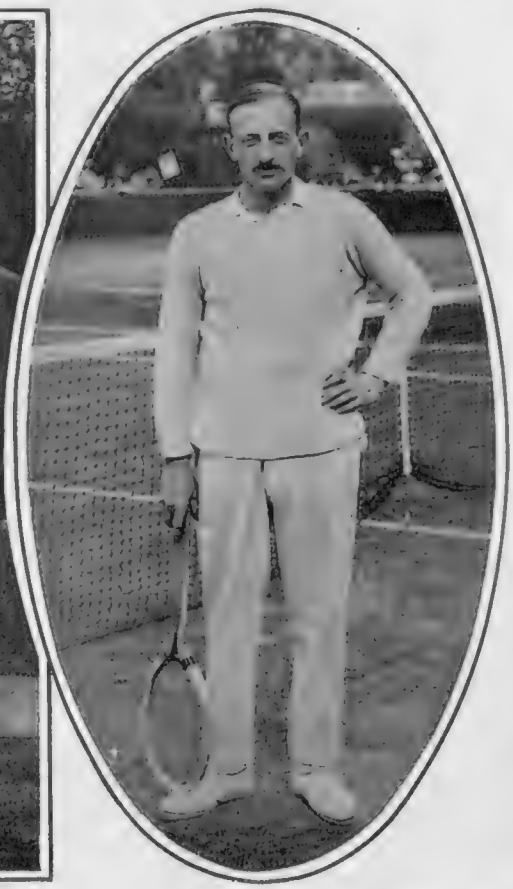
SUMMER SAILS

The advent of May sees the renewed activities of the racing craft after their hibernation. In the above photograph, taken on the opening day's sport at Burnham-on-Crouch, Miss Hawkins in "Jack Straw" is seen overhauling Mr. R. Herring's "Lavender" in the 24ft. class.

Photograph *L. E. A.*

THE SOUTH AFRICANS

The South African cricketers who are now on a visit to England. Back Row: H. G. Deane (left), P. A. M. Hands, C. D. Dixon, M. J. Susskind, G. F. Bissett, E P. Nupen, A. D. Nourse and G. Allsopp (Manager). Centre Row: J. M. Blanckenberg, M. J. Commaille, H. W. Taylor (Captain), S. J. Pegler, T. A. Ward Front Row: R. H. Catterall (left), C. P. Carter, G. A. L. Hearne and D. J. Meintjes



Photograph *Sport and General*

AN INTERNATIONAL FACTOR

Major A. R. F. Kingscote, who this year will again figure in tennis circles in this country, has been selected as one of Great Britain's representatives in the Davis Cup match against Belgium.

Whirls of the World Around Burlington House

Photograph *Photopress*

LADY GREY OF FALLODEN

Photograph *Photopress*

MRS. RALPH PETO AND LADY CURZON

Photograph *Central News*

SIR HAMAR AND LADY GREENWOOD

Photograph *Topical*

LADY CLANCARTY AND MRS. DUTTSFORD

Photograph *I.B.*

THE DUCHESS OF WESTMINSTER

Photograph *Topical*

THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH

Last week we published some photographs of Royal Academy portraits, because some of our readers said it was impossible to see through the crowd at Burlington House on Private View Day. Now we receive complaints that, as *everyone* was there, it was impossible to see *anyone*. So here are a few of the "everyones." The price of admission to the R.A. is, as all the world knows, one and sixpence. Except on Private View Day. Then it is always a new dress!

An Eastern Question

The love of your wife or the temper of friends
Or a BYSTANDER boon.
Which of the three would you trust
At the end of an Indian June?
(*With apologies to* RUDYARD KIPLING)

"THE LITERARY LOG"

A group of Nicobarese, dressed in their best for a mail day event on Nicobar Island, in the East Indies

A DUTY TO BE DONE

A group of officers of the Frontier Force Rifles on a most important parade of the week, outside the Officers' Mess at Abbottabad

A BROWN STUDY

A photograph from the Kulu Valley, in the Central Himalayas. "The Bystander" has not yet been seen on the summit of Everest, but it is getting on that way

SOME FOOD FOR THOUGHT—

For Man and Beast. "The Bystander" collects a crowd in a camel "seri" at Peshawar. "No pushing, please!

A CAMERA "SHOOT"

Some stalwart Sergeants of the Line—and a useful "guide-book"—on a shooting expedition at Chandigar Camp, near Ambala, in the Punjab

A LONG WAY FROM BOULTER'S LOCK

The owner of a houseboat on the Jhelum at Srinagar, Kashmir, gets a glimpse of happenings on the Thames

"The drowsy East lies dreaming . . . Under the burnished sun"

INKLINGS OF EMPIRE

"CORAL STRANDS"

The East has a silken garment;
The West has a drab homespun;
The West has her schemes, but the Orient dreams
Under a burnished sun.
The gorgeous East glows golden
In a glamorous garden of flowers,
Where lotus and tiger-lily
Sleep ever through sun-drenched hours;
The West is ever a-toiling
At a task that's never done,

"Wild dancers horned and hooded"

But the drowsy East lies dreaming,
Dreaming, lazily dreaming,
Under the burnished sun.

OR words to that effect. That sense of colour and languor falls imperceptibly, but insidiously, upon me as I stand in the courtyard of the Indian Pavilion. I have always thought of India as. . . . What have I thought? Something to do with curry and *kitmatgars* and rope-tricks and coral strands, and mosquitoes and missionary hymns and *punkah-wallahs*, and pale hands, pink-tipped. What do I see?

A maze of courts and temple-buildings, gleaming in their whiteness. I hear the plash of lazy fountains in the wide courts, the patter of dusky feet as white-robed, unfamiliar figures flit by, and the subdued chitter-chatter of many voices in the distant bazaars. Best of all, in a clear sky, I see the English sun conscientiously persuading itself that it is somewhere east of Suez. "After all," says that stout fellow Sol, "why should they jeer at me? Why should they say that the Empire on which the sun never sets is ruled from a capital on which the sun never shines? I'll show 'em. If Miss India spends the summer with us, the least we can do is to show her a little Indian sunshine." And with that, kindly old Sol lights up dome and courtyard with a blaze of golden radiance. That (I say in all seriousness) is the Wembley spirit.

Wait a moment. Have you seen the Indian theatre? The showman, turbaned, bearded, scarlet-shirted, stands by the door, pet mongoose on shoulder, seductively persuading. Behind the bizarre curtain the stage is set. A merry-eyed conjuror, replete with curious patter, performs astonishing tricks with baskets. A hissing snake, music-charmed, rises at his master's soothing note. Wild dancers, horned, hooded and clad in many-coloured surcoats, leap, shouting, over the stage to the accompaniment of a hidden orchestra of raucous pipes and thunderous drums.

Pass on to the bazaars. Drifting crowds and chattering voices. Colour, colour, colour everywhere. A riot of silks—crimsons, purple, emeralds and orange. Tiny objects of art in ivory and silver, exquisitely carved. Huge

"The Showman of the Indian Theatre"

and imposing elephant tusks, trophies raided from the jungle king. Metal work in brass and copper, amazingly intricate, perfect in finish. A tea-plantation, with gay-coated coolies at work among the green shrubs. ("There is nothing yet invented so incomparably scented as our tea, tea, tea!") Spices, with their rich and heavy odours. Jewels and precious stones of enchanting beauty. Carpet-makers magically weaving.

"Carpet makers magically weaving"

It is but a step to the wildness of the Indian jungles of hill and swamp, of head-high grass and riotous vegetation. I see the crocodile lurking by the marshy bank; the gorgeous butterfly with myriad-tinted wings skimming like a flying jewel amid tropical blooms; the ringed and sinister cobra sinuously coiled around some massive trunk; the panther, swift and stealthy; and the tiger, with his flaming stripes, ruling the forest world in brute majesty. I see the hunter at work, relentlessly tracking, bent on the trophies of the *shikar*.

Here I need not merely "think Imperially"; I may even eat Imperially. Wonderful Indian dishes are spread before me to tempt a jaded palate; subtly spiced curries from the hands of the Madrassi cook, half *chef*, half wizard; seductive palaos and strangely fascinating kedgerees. And under the shade of unfamiliar trees I sip my Indian coffee, a perfect beverage. In the faithful representation of the life of a country that is all but a continent, a land of teeming peoples, of boundless resources, of spaces where man has conquered nature and of tracts where nature still defies his intruding hand, I stand, dazed and bewildered. I wander from court to court, soaking in impression after impression, seeking to arrange and classify, yet dumbfounded by the greatness of the scale on which the thing is done. I see India's fruits and flowers, the vast extent of her rice and wheat fields, her manufactures shown in detail from raw material to finished article; I see her people, Hindu and Brahmin, round-capped Parsee and bearded Sikh.

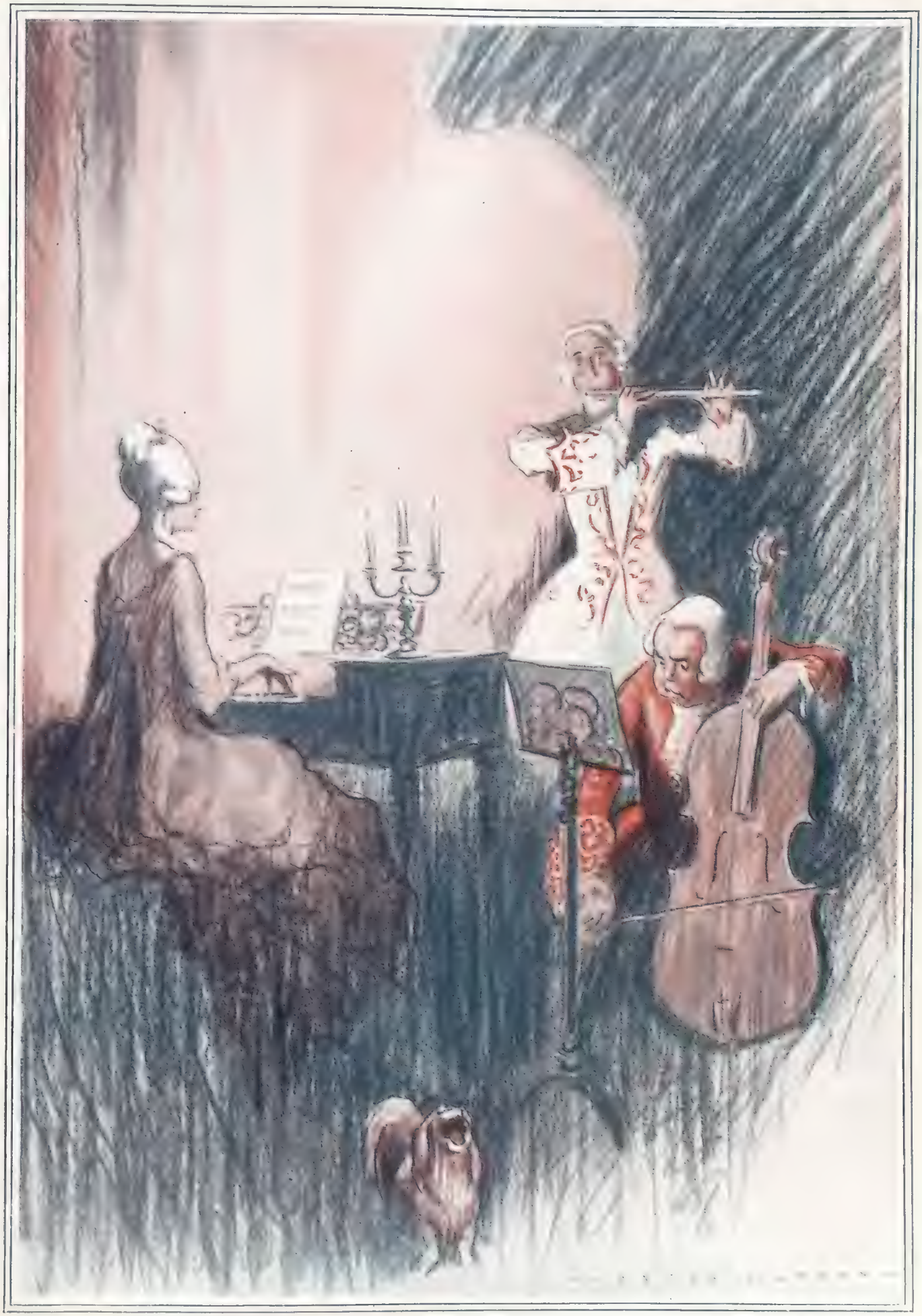
The day is all too short. The English sun (no great affair at best) soon fades. Darkness falls. Then over temple and palace, over court and colonnade rises the sickle moon. Domes and minarets are bathed in soft silvery light. It is a nocturne in silver, magical and fairy-like.

The Western world, with its bustle and rush,
Makes midnight seem like noon,
But the drowsy East lies dreaming,
Dreaming, lazily dreaming,
Beneath the silver moon.

A. A. Thomson

OUR SPECIAL COMMISSIONER'S NEXT VISIT WILL BE TO SOUTH AFRICA

"... AND THOU BESIDE ME IN THE WILDERNESS"
A trio in perfect harmony in the Travancore Hills, Peermade, Southern India



BY WEBSTER MURRAY

THE QUARTETTE

SOME EASTERN SIDELIGHTS OF

SIERRA LEONE

IN THE WEST AFRICAN VILLAGE.

BY HELEN MARS

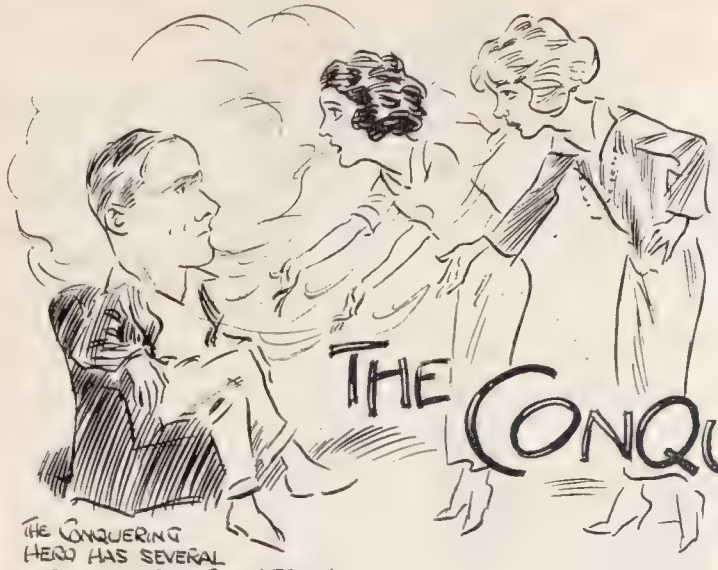
F EMPIRE MIRRORED AT WEMBLEY

"To Meet the Lady"

Photograph *Yvonne Gregory*

MISS FAITH CELLI

Who has won fresh laurels by her performance as Angela Battersby in Mr. A. A. Milne's new comedy, "To Have The Honour," at Wyndham's Theatre



THE CONQUERING HERO HAS SEVERAL VERY MUSTARD GAS ATTACKS BEFORE JOINING THE ARMY

Produced on April 3, 1924, at the Queen's Theatre. Transferred to St. Martin's Theatre April 28, 1924

THE CONQUERING HERO

AT St Martin's

By "JINGLE" *Illustrated by MACMICHAEL*

WE were told long ago that no man is a hero to his valet, and now we have the case of the man who is not a hero even to himself. Obviously, a very rare bird. This has been called a War play, but it is really a highly elaborated analysis of a man's self in times of peril. A brief picture of the War is dragged in to supply the necessary provocation, probably because it represents the most familiar form of danger at the moment. And the War, as everyone knows, was an extremely dangerous pursuit. The play opens on the eventful date of August 4, 1914. A family party at the house of Colonel Rokeby is discussing the Declaration of War, and Christopher Rokeby, the Colonel's son, is advancing what he alleges to be the conclusive argument that the War has nothing to do with him. He is by profession an artist and a man of letters, and all he asks is to be left at peace to produce work that contributes to human progress here below, or something of that sort. This heresy was, of course, common enough in the early days of the War, but it was soon shattered by the course of events. The problem that arises here is: Does this argument really satisfy Christopher's conscience, or is it being used to cover his position as a Shirker?

EDWARD RIGBY AS SIR JOHN ROMER

PERCEVAL CLARK AS STEPHEN ROKEBY

LADY ROMER — MARGARET CARTER

CHRISTOPHER'S chief objection to war is that it is an unchristian device. That is a point not to be discussed here, of course. A good deal of the first act is occupied by casuistical examination of the question at issue, and most of the arguments employed by pro-German orators in Hyde Park at the beginning of the War crop up here with a touching fidelity to type. The ladies of the family circle are horrified at Christopher's specious eloquence, and when someone suggests that an eligible man standing out of the War is a traitor, Christopher asks, "What is a traitor?" And when a man has philosophic doubts on a subject of that kind he is usually regarded as hopeless by honest people.

MYSELF, I feel somewhat of an outsider when the question of enlistment comes up for discussion. By a trick of the calendar, I was exempt from military service, and it seems to me that I have hardly the right to criticise my fellows who for one reason or another hesitated to follow the drum. But it was my good fortune during the early days of the War to mingle freely with our convalescent wounded, and I noted their views on this subject with interest. I found that they had small patience with the young man who could give beautifully elaborate reasons for not joining up, and a proper contempt, of course, for the "conscientious objector," but for the man who was admittedly eligible but had "wangled" his exemption, they had nothing but congratulations. In the second act Christopher is still in his argumentative mood, and when news comes that his brother-in-law has been made prisoner by the Germans, he even goes to the length of suggesting that the dear boy probably did it on purpose as an easy way out of the noisy trouble. It is only when a telegram comes announcing that his brother-in-law has died of wounds in captivity, that Christopher fully realises the enormity of his scandalous suggestion.

NICHOLAS HANNEN AS CHRISTOPHER ROKEBY
AUSTIN TREVOR AS A PRUSSIAN OFFICER

THE climax comes when the family butler, not so very young a man feels the call, and asks permission to go and enlist. This, as Christopher hints, proves the butler to be a better man than his master, and he is accordingly shamed into going and enlisting as well, though he protests to the last that that sort of thing is against his principles, both moral and religious. Indeed, he makes quite an extraordinary fuss about the feat he has

performed of joining-up. In the early days of the War many young men from my village slipped away unostentatiously to the nearest recruiting office, and—they will never come back. But Christopher clearly conveys the idea that the news of his enlistment at last will give the German High Command furiously to think. Bill Adams isn't in the same street with him. His sister congratulates him on his decision and tells him he will now be able to go out and avenge her dear prisoner of war, who died of wounds. Just how Christopher is going to do this is not explained. The suggestion recalls the story we heard during the War of a badly wounded Tommy in hospital here, who begged hard to be allowed to go back to the front line at once because he thought he knew the chap who had done it.

THE third act brings us to the War zone. The scene is the darkened interior of a barn somewhere in France, behind the German lines. Here we get a clearer glimpse of Christopher's psychology. He has become, in his turn, a prisoner of war, under, it would seem, none too creditable circumstances, and though he suffers much from hunger and thirst, his greatest trouble is, obviously, Fear. That, we now see, was the motive behind all his pretty arguments for not joining up. He was able to master this defect sufficiently to enlist and to proceed to France, but when he is up against the real thing he is—afraid. Presently a German officer comes into the barn, and cross-examines Christopher at the point of the revolver, seeking to obtain information about the British Command. Christopher is simply broken up with fright. He cringes to the German officer, and even appeals to him as an officer and—a gentleman! It will be seen that he must have been very far gone indeed to have fostered so fantastic an idea. Finally Christopher, with a feeble moan that his legs will no longer support him, falls half-fainting to the ground. Those of us who have never been compelled to look into the muzzle of a threatening revolver cannot, of course, say how we would act under the difficult circumstances, but we should all hope for grace to be able to play the man. Christopher now stands revealed to us as a very ordinary coward, and we don't like him for that.

IT so happens that just about that time the British line moves forward a little, and the Germans make a hurried dash for a cooler spot. The next we hear of Christopher is that he has been sent home by a sympathetic Commander in order to recuperate in his native village, where it is assumed that he has proved himself to be the fighting lion, crawling back to his lair to lick his wounds. The villagers have, in short, assembled in their hundreds to cheer the Conquering Hero who has returned to them alive from Out There. Christopher has the grace to creep home by an unfrequented route; but his admirers invade even the grounds of the house for a glimpse of him, and under protest he goes out and shows himself. But he has no illusions on the subject of his heroism. He lays his soul naked before us. Behind all his ingenious philosophy of the claims of peaceful art to be left alone, there was, as we now know, the spirit of Fear. If there is anything heroic to his credit it was only in those sporadic moments that come to the least valiant when courage mounteth with occasion. He recalls to himself his behaviour in the presence of the German officer, and speaks of the project to do him honour now with hysterical mirth. He protests to his family that he is unworthy of any honour, while at the same time assuring them that he has nothing actually to his discredit. For the rest he is either a very serious case of shell-shock, or else a very badly frightened man. And the curtain falls leaving him to try and decide for himself to which category he belongs. The feature of the play is the extraordinarily realistic acting of Mr. Nicholas Hannen. As the gentle sophist in the first act he is just the type of the fatuous young man we all met at that distressing period, who explained to you that it wasn't his War and he did not see why he should be dragged into it. But it is in the last act where he is revealing the conscience-stricken mentality of Christopher that Mr. Hannen rises to something like greatness. Finely written as the play is, you feel somehow that its success has been made by the completeness of the acting.

JINGLE

A Flower of Old Seville

Photograph *Janet Jevons*

LOLITA OSORIO

The attractive young Spanish dancer who, after taking Paris by storm, has sought "new worlds to conquer" over here in England. And to judge by her success in the new cabaret at the Grafton Galleries, she has been remarkably successful in the search

THE LADY MARY THYNNE, BY W. W. RUSSELL, A.R.A.

MISS NAPIER, BY F. CADOGAN COWPER, A.R.A.

TWO ACADEMY PORTRAITS

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PARISIANA. By "René"

Illustrated by MARCEL PONCIN

MES AMIS—

I HOPE these few lines do not find you as they leave me at present. I have just crept stealthily—oh, so stealthily—back into Paris along with half-a-dozen Anglo-American journalists of this fair city, slinking along the byways in order to evade the public gaze, after a most awful whacking on the golf links of Dieppe from a team of American Correspondents from London. We expected to part from the Cross-Channel Correspondents' Cup, but we did not anticipate being torn from it quite so violently.

AND if I say anything about the phenomenal weather, please appreciate that it is because I think that weather is a matter for discussion in itself, and not as an excuse for defeat. We were thrashed before the hurricane began to hurl us about, and even if it came from across the Channel we don't accuse the London Americans on that count. In fact, that devastating wind gave us one of the only two matches we won out of seven. The frailest member of the London team was blown right back off the first tee as he swung for his opening drive, blown right back into the clubhouse where they keep the fortification, and as he was unable to procure enough fortification within the time-limit, we got that match by default.

THERE may be other places in the world where the wind can blow harder than on the uplands of Dieppe, but none of our team is inclined to believe it at present. With true BYSTANDER solidarity, Reginald Arkell strove mightily to prop up "René" with a substantial shoulder, and a whispered "slow-back," but the gale bowled over the pair of us into the depths of the dreaded chasm. It was so violent that we were inclined to pity the London team for having to sail back through it, instead of feeling that they had deserved it, having acquired three out of the four cups that were up for competition.

THE Casino furnished a cup and the Golf Club two, besides the Cross-Channel Cup given by Wilbur Forrest which provoked the encounter. Municipally, Dieppe looked after us very handsomely, for even those who earned nothing received very jolly souvenirs in consolation. I felt most sympathy for Sheldon Whitehouse, Counsellor of the American Embassy, for I believe he would have won a match for our side but for that hurricane, which was too much for his slight physique, as he was several holes up before he had to drive in the teeth of it.

IT seems that we are threatened with a strike of *cuisiniers*, not only the *chefs*, but the whole of the staffs in the kitchens of the restaurants. This is another grievance to be laid at the door of the Olympic Games. I have always felt that we should be lucky if we got as far as the finals of those games. What is Paris without *cuisiniers*? It is almost like eating in Sheffield. The *cuisiniers*, if they don't get what they want, threaten to fold up their aprons just at the height of the Olympic "invasion," when scores of thousands of foreign visitors will be at their mercy. Probably, if the intending visitors were consulted they would side with the *cuisiniers*, for they are asking for cleaner kitchens. In view of the prices which are asked for meals, there should be a sufficient margin of profit to allow for that.

"Cuisiniers are on strike"

TALKING of kitchens brings to mind the peculiar quarrel which has occurred between Rip, the prince of *revue* constructors, and Mlle. Marthe Chenal, the *chanteuse*. One would have thought they did not need to go below-stairs if they wished to indulge in an exchange of uncomplimentary sentiments. Marthe is well known for her capriciousness, having a *penchant* for indicating that she can "please herself," but as a rule she has made her demonstrations in person.

IN this case Rip, after waiting a fortnight for her opinion of a sketch he had written for her, received a letter signed by her *femme de chambre*, informing him that Marthe "had no time to give to the study of *revue* scenes, and, anyhow, this one did not please her a little bit, but if he prepared and despatched her another one she would let him know her views." Instead, Mlle. Chenal received a reply signed by Rip's *femme de ménage*. The haughty

"But the gale bowled over the pair of us"

"Signed by his femme de ménage"

Marthe is said to have considered this ungallant.

I WENT round to St. George's Church to see Gertie Millar married to the Earl of Dudley. Both looked supremely happy. If the new countess deprived herself of a greater crowd of sightseers by selecting Paris instead of London, she lost nothing in the way of warm-hearted enthusiasm, for the British colony did its best to make up for the greater bulk of London in its demonstration of affection for the unforgotten favourite. The bride was immensely delighted by the little black kitten which was placed across her path outside the British Consulate, and she flashed along the crowd the well-known dazzling smile in order to repay the thoughtful admirer who had conceived this method of wishing her good luck. Apparently, she is now going to spend most of her time on this side of the Channel, in Paris and Le Touquet.

THE British-American players began their Paris venture very well with the excellent comedy of Mr. A. A. Milne, *The Dover Road*. All that should be necessary to ensure them complete success is maintenance of the standard on which they have begun. They opened at the Albert Ier Theatre after most of the Easter tourists had gone back home, so the public to which they appealed may be considered as a permanent public which is available to them. It is already evident that they fill a gap which has long existed for, though one may have reached perfection in a foreign tongue to the extent of being able to appreciate the most subtle and delicate *nuances*, there is a joy in hearing plays again in one's own language that gives a much fuller and more robust satisfaction.

"The little black kitten which was placed across her path"

THERE is no need to say anything about *The Dover Road*, for "Jingle" told the story to BYSTANDER readers in his usual felicitous manner when it was originally produced in the West End, so all that is left to be said about it is the manner of its presentation in Paris. The biggest bouquet must go to Theodore Komisarjevsky for his *mise en scène*, and, perhaps, the best compliment that can be given to him is to say that one would have been disappointed in him if he had not done as well as he did, for he has accumulated a reputation which needs a lot of living up to. Among the players, Mr. C. V. France and Miss Mary Merrall, Mr. Cyril Raymond and Miss Louise Hamilton made us entirely forget that we are exiles. The illusion of being back in England was complete for the night. Don't we hope that this institution will become permanent!

IT is not at all unlikely that the innovation will have very marked effect on the manners of Paris. Parisians have become very slack in the matter of dress at the theatre since the War. Despite periodical vigorous protests from shocked members of the *bourgeoisie*, who called for the restoration of customs of pre-War days, it was impossible to get people to conform to the tradition of wearing evening clothes for the theatre. In fact, the tendency recently has been to go the extreme in *négligé* and soft collars and light suits in the stalls were becoming more and more common. The spectacle at the Albert Ier of a "house" in which practically everybody was in evening dress, has made a big impression, and as English habits in clothes are usually followed, it is probable that this example will be successful in producing the revival of tradition where protests have utterly failed.

RENÉ

AS PARIS SEES HER

Miss Fay Harcourt, whose bright dancing with her partner, Harry Cahill, is an excellent aid to digestion after the midnight suppers at Rector's Club in Paris

My Sweetie Went Away . . . .

BY W. HEATH ROBINSON

SHORT-SIGHTED GENTLEMAN (*to his wife*): "Now, Jane, you had better cling to my arm; you can never be certain where these quicksands are located"

VERA CLARKE AND WINIFRED ARTHUR.

". . . . through all the ages, the only universal tongue has been Music."

In the Trocadero Grillroom you will find the most modern enunciation by VERA CLARKE, WINIFRED ARTHUR, and THE TROCADERO ORCHESTRA.

There is also the added advantage of a cuisine completely versatile. Whether you need a simple grill, or a meal that will test the resources of the chef, the

Trocadero

Service is designed solely to please.

LONDON'S PREMIER RESTAURANT

J. LYONS & Co., Ltd., Proprietors.

The Errant Golfer in Scotland

By Dell Leigh

Very Royal and Very Ancient

ILLUSTRATED BY CUNINGHAM

HISTORY tells us that in 1450 King James II prohibited the then too popular game, and issued an edict that "gouff be utterly cryed down"; this being directed against all golfers between twelve and fifty years of age. This Royal proclamation seems to have had little effect, judging by old records at St. Andrews; and in 1552 the Church took a hand in the game, for one sees that a licence was then granted to the ruling Archbishop, reserving the Links at St. Andrews for golf absolutely. To-day, the *Golfer's Handbook* says: "The Royal And Ancient Golf Club is the governing power in golf."

No one will doubt this from the moment they come for the first time under the shadow of the little grey Club House on the edge of the 18th green. There is an atmosphere of regality and antiquity about this very ordinary looking building that will instil a due reverence into the heart of the Englishman who habitually swanks about the precincts of his own Club House at home. And if he is so hide-bound with his own conceit that the mere sight of the historic course does not abase him, the manners and customs of those with whom he is brought into contact at St. Andrews will insensibly drop him back into the pit of mediocrity whence he emerged. Courteous to a degree are the citizens, caddies, and members to all golf pilgrims who arrive and behave with due humility; coldly staring and dreadfully silent towards those who presume to vaunt their golf on high.

I know of nothing more chastening to the proud spirit than the sight of the line of caddies "on the rails" in the morning. If he stops to reflect a moment he will realize that the majority of these men are not caddies in the ordinary sense of the term; they are professors of the game. With them it is a science, almost a creed. I asked humbly once at the Royal and Ancient club-house for "a good caddie, please." A fatherly, old man was brought to me, and we strolled amicably together towards the New Course. I happened in conversation to mention something about the difficulties of the heart-breaking 17th on the Old Course, which has lost many a man a Championship, when he said quite casually, "Aye; I remember, sir, when I was runner-up in the Open Championship in 1885, I got over the wall there, and . . ."

It was dear old Davy Ayton, and I did not know him; and he was deigning to carry *my* clubs—phew! But a kindly "free-spoken gentleman" withal, genuinely pleased with "a pairfec' three" you have just managed to get against a par 4; with a "dear-dear" of distress when you—er—don't. What confidence that breeds in you, you who are pitted against a redoubtable stranger.

You can pick up a game easily enough at St. Andrews. But be careful! The whole town plays the game, of course, man, woman and child, and there are four courses for them to do it on with extreme efficiency. I picked up a game there recently with the Station Master's son, who begged me to let him down lightly, as he had not had a club in his hand for six months. Again, in the course of conversation between tee and green did I learn that he had won the Eden Tournament the year before, to which come doughty amateurs from all over Scotland. He drove the ball out of sight, and beat me by—but never mind what.

Playing up to the last green, or for that matter driving off the first tee is an awe-inspiring business. With a close-up from all the windows of the Grand Hotel in front, the windows of the Club House to the left, Rusacks and the windows of all the other houses to the right, the long line of railings again to the left, *and* the crowd of silent, critical caddies on the rails—urgh! I hope it will never be my lot in a big match; not likely, thank goodness. I have no ambition to shine under such searchlights.

You realize a little what golf means to this place when you hear that the population is 8,000 souls only, and yet there are four factories in the town

"The queer gentlemen in tall hats, tight clothes and long clay pipes"

engaged all the year round solely in the manufacture of heads for iron clubs which are exported all over the world.

Personally, I can never get away from the feeling of past greatness which seems to lie over everything. One visualises clearly the queer gentlemen in tall hats, tight-fitting clothes and long clay pipes coming up the incomparable fairways or grouped ghost-like about the velvet greens. One reads in the old manuscripts gems of incidents such as that "in July, 1839, some gentlemen were fined bottles of claret for reflecting on the Secretary," and you remember similar occurrences in your own club to-day for which there is no such *amende honorable*. And that others had to pay a fine for the somewhat singular offence of "ordering hot waters," not, of course, for ablutionary purposes.

The London and North-Eastern Railway are lucky in the possession of so wonderful a rendezvous for sportsmen as this. No grouping or nationalisation, or other horrors, can take it from them.

It is curious how a man's feelings change in the course of a day at St. Andrews. In the early morning he can lie in his hotel bed and without moving let his eyes wander up and down these world-famous holes, wondering with perturbation what sort of a performance he is likely to put up on them.

In the calm of evening when, sated with the glories of the golf, he sits in an angle of Rusack's winter garden, he can survey the scene of his prowess

"You can pick up a game easily at St. Andrews—but be careful"

or misdeeds, whichever Chance has sent him. It is then, during the contented or crestfallen whisky-and-soda period before dressing for dinner that the splendour of the place is most clearly brought home to any golfer with a vision beyond the grossly material. The sun setting in a blaze of glory behind the foothills to the left. The four courses stretching out and out ahead of him The straight two miles of sands to the right, and the saxe-blue to grey-green sea. It is a perfect moment, whatever tale the day's card tells.

And, if so minded, he can say casually but with a marked loftiness, at a later period, in the bar of his own potty little golf club, things like, "I remember, when I was playing at St. Andrews once. . . ."

And less favoured men will continue to stare enviously, as they have always done, and presumably always will.

A Golfing Event of Interest

The Secretary of the Northwick Park Golf Club, Northwick Park, Middlesex, is open to receive entries for the Club's Open Meeting on Wednesday, June 4. The chief event is a 36-hole contest for the Gillespie Challenge Trophy (value 100 guineas with replica), and in the same competition there are five other prizes to the value of forty guineas. Entries close on May 21, and as the competition is limited to 150 entrants, no time should be lost in getting into touch with the secretary, from whom further particulars can be obtained.

Bystanderisms: A New Competition for Readers

£50 FOR A PHRASE

BELOW is a list of well-known London Dance Clubs, Cabaret Shows, Country Clubs, Restaurants, etc., and we are offering readers a Prize of Fifty Pounds for the best phrase descriptive of the character *of any one the reader may select.*

The phrase must not be more than four words in length. Competitors can send in attempts for one only or for any number of the Clubs and Restaurants mentioned, but each attempt must be made on a separate coupon, which will be found on *the third page of cover.* There is, of course, no entrance fee.

The Competition will remain open for several weeks, and the closing date will be announced later.

In order to assist readers, we give an example of the type of phrase required :—

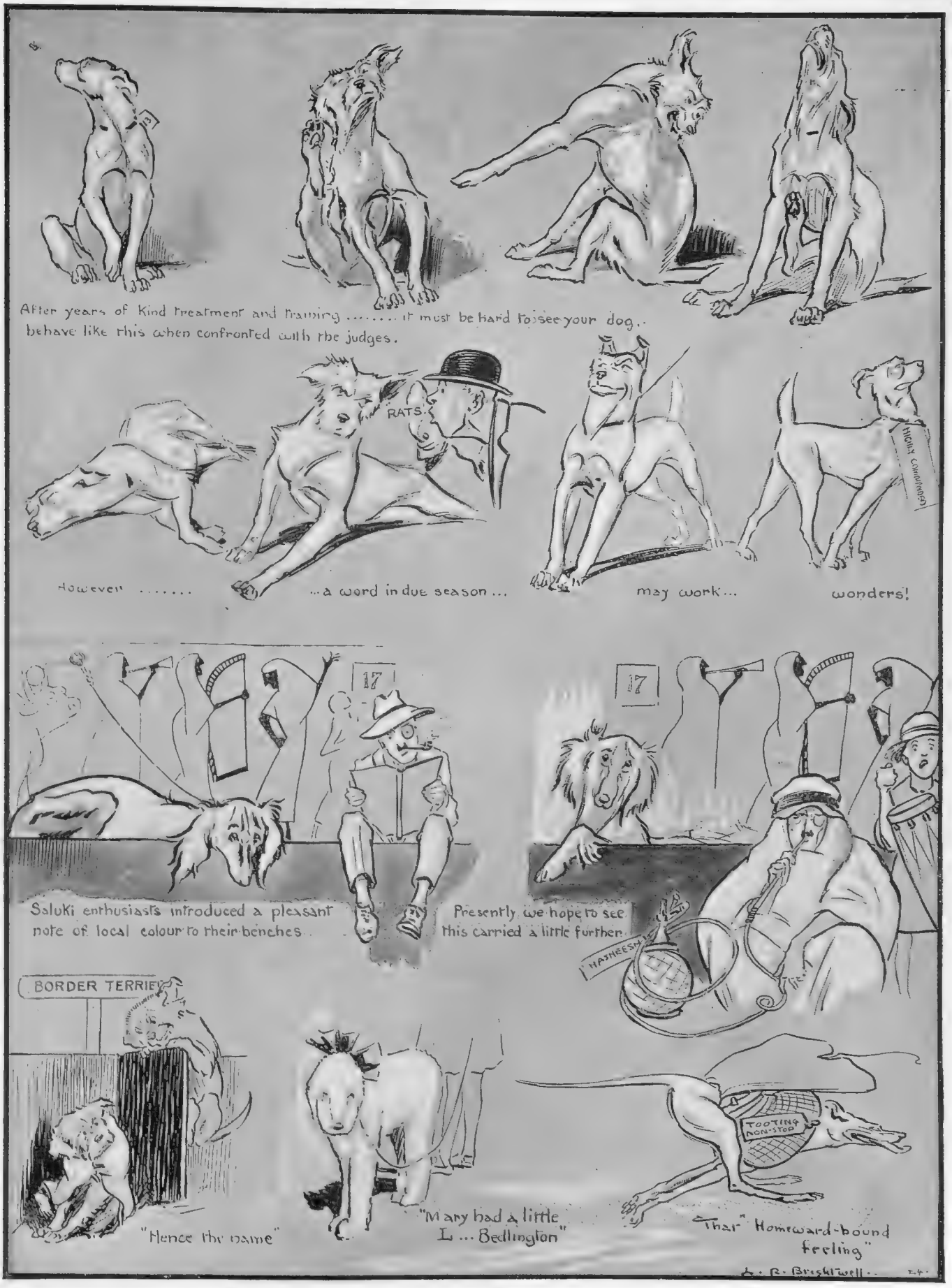
NAME OF CLUB—Regent's Park Country Club.
BYSTANDERISM—That (K)Russian Feeling.

ANGLO-AMERICAN DANCE CLUB.
BELGRAVIA HOTEL.
BERKELEY HOTEL.
BLANCHARD'S CLUB.
CAFÉ ROYAL.
CARLTON HOTEL.
CECIL HOTEL.
CIRO'S CLUB.
CLARIDGE'S HOTEL.
CRITERION ROOF GARDEN
EMBASSY CLUB.
EMPRESS ROOMS.
GRAFTON GALLERIES CLUB.
HAMBONE CLUB.
HURLINGHAM CLUB.
HYDE PARK HOTEL.
LONDON COUNTRY CLUB.
MAYFAIR DANCE CLUB.
MIDNIGHT FOLLIES.
MOOR PARK COUNTRY CLUB.
MURRAY'S RIVER CLUB.
ODDENINO'S RESTAURANT.
PICCADILLY RESTAURANT.
PRINCES'.
QUEEN'S HALL ROOF.
RANELAGH CLUB.
REGENT'S PARK COUNTRY CLUB.
RITZ HOTEL.
RIVIERA CLUB.
ROEHAMPTON CLUB.
ROMANO'S RESTAURANT.
SAVOY HOTEL.
SIMPSON'S.
TROCADERO RESTAURANT.
TUSCAN RESTAURANT.
WALDORF HOTEL.

The decision of the Editor will be final, and no correspondence can be entered into in regard to the Competition. Competitors can enter only on this understanding.

The Editor reserves the right to make use of any of the phrases sent in if he so wishes.

Saluki Salute



BY L. R. BRIGHTWELL

Some sidelights of the Ladies' Kennel Club Championship Show at Olympia last week, "featuring" the Saluki, and one or two others. The Saluki, a gazelle hound from Arabia, was well to the fore among the distinguished foreigners, the actual number exhibited being seventy

RACING NOTIONS

By "CARBINE"

The Guineas

BRIGHT KNIGHT and Diophon were the two horses I picked out as likely to dispute the finish of the Guineas, and I shall rely upon the same two in the Derby. We have become so accustomed to seeing two-year-old form turned topsy-turvy in the classic races that the victory of Diophon was quite refreshing to students of "the book." On the day of the race I was distinctly sanguine of the Whatcombe colt's success, for a few hours previously we had seen his stable companion, Salmon Trout, put up a remarkably good performance in the Hastings Plate. It was known that Diophon was distinctly the better of the two over a mile, but I have an idea that Salmon Trout will eventually prove himself superior over a long distance of ground.

Photograph *Sports Pictures*

HIS FIRST "CLASSIC"

His Highness the Aga Khan, owner of Diophon, the winner of the "Two Thousand"—the first "classic" race he has won—on the course at Newmarket

Photograph *G. P. U.*

"HEADS I WIN"

Diophon, with G. Hulme up, after winning the Two Thousand Guineas at Newmarket by a head from Bright Knight. The "gentleman of colour" in the background, who is a well-known figure to race-goers, obviously believes in studying form at close quarters

The Finish

WHENEVER there is a close finish on the Rowley Mile, in which the leaders are running very wide of each other, you are sure to hear the judge's verdict disputed. From the stands it is exceedingly difficult to tell which horse has won under these circumstances. Everything depends upon the angle from which you view the finish, but, of course, the judge is the only man who gets a completely accurate line across this big course. Last week people on the trainers' stand were convinced that Bright Knight had won the Guineas, but the concensus of opinion on the Press stand was that Diophon had just got home. Interest in this situation was increased when Bright Knight's jockey, Frank Bullock, stated immediately afterwards that he believed he had won decisively. But jockeys as well as onlookers are liable to make mistakes of this sort, and I stand unreservedly upon the judge's opinion. In any case, the finish was so close that we can look forward to the meeting of these two colts in the Derby with the utmost pleasure. It should be another great race between them, and I fancy Bright Knight will produce slightly the better stamina.

By L. R. BRIGHTWELL

A WALK-OVER

Chester Cup

THE Chester Cup looks an agreeably open affair on Wednesday. Much depends upon the luck of the race on this circuitous course, but granted reasonable fortune I think Scullion will put up a very good show. I know that the Manton filly, Becka, is strongly fancied, while other strong orders are Bellman (a bit unlucky last year), Miwani, and Sierra Leone. Taking all things into consideration, I believe **Miwani** will be the best to stand.

Kempton Jubilee

AT the week-end the big event will be the Kempton Jubilee, always one of the most attractive races of the season. Parth has done

an excellent preparation and is strongly fancied. Verdict is entitled to our respect after the splendid show she put up in adverse circumstances in the City and Suburban. The French horse, Kefalin, will be prominent if he runs up to his best native form. One colt who strikes me as being distinctly well handicapped is Soldumeno, and I am not surprised that his stable prefers his chance to that of Ellangowan. I shall make **Soldumeno** my selection. On the first day at Kempton I regard the Stewards' Handicap as resting between Heverswood and **Grand Knight,** and I have a slight preference for the latter. The Sunningdale Handicap on Saturday may be won by **Skyflight.**

POLO NOTES

By ARTHUR W. COATEN

A Plea for the Handicap

Luck has been against the London clubs at starting, and the grounds will inevitably be on the soft side for a while. I expect the No. 2 ground at Hurlingham will be utilised for the ties in the Social Club's tournament this week. These games should produce some excellent polo. The Argentine Club will be well represented up to the maximum handicap allowed by the conditions of this tournament, which, by the way, is played "on the level." I think it would be a great improvement if more of the London competitions were fought out on handicap than is at present the case. One notable exception, of course, would be the Champion Cup. We see far too many one-sided games in these tournaments. The concession of a few goals would have the effect of making the stronger teams go "all out." In the long run, I think it would have the excellent effect of quickening up English polo. With only a few exceptions, the handicap is strictly enforced in American tournaments. That is one reason why the polo is faster there on the whole than is the case here.

Home on Leave

I am glad to learn that several players, who have excellent reputations in the game in India, are home on leave, and will be prominent in the season's polo. Among them is Captain A. L. Anderson, of whose good work for his Indian Cavalry team one has heard big accounts. Not every player who shines on the fast grounds of India makes good when he is seen on the slower turf and bigger ponies which are the order in England. Neither Captain A. H. Williams or Captain J. P. Dening, who are at the top of the tree in Indian polo, quite came off in this country, though the former was well tried for international honours three years ago. It remains to be seen whether Captain Anderson will play up to his reputation in the East. He is to be in a team made up of the Hon. K. Mackay, Captain C. Tremayne, and Major H. Colmore, a promising combination. It is good to know that such well-known teams as Eaton, the Freebooters (minus Mr. Buckmaster), Scopwick, Templeton and the Quidnuncs will all be competing for honours this summer. Add to this the presence of Argentine and American teams, and you will realise that it should be an excellent season. But when will this tantalising climate permit of a fair start at the London clubs?

Photograph *Central News*

AT WORCESTER PARK

Lord Digby playing in a members' game at Worcester Park last week. The grounds at Hurlingham, Ranelagh and Roehampton were unfit for play owing to the heavy rains

Photograph *Lieut. D. B. Colley, R.N.*

THE TROPICAL TOUCH

The Polo team of H.M. Crocus, which belongs to the Persian Gulf Division of the East Indies Squadron, photographed at Bait-al-Faraz, close to Muskat, which is one of the hottest towns in the world. The group shows: Engine-Room Artificer H. Mason (left), Lieut. W. B. Colley, Lieut. H. T. Strawbridge and Surgeon-Lieut. E. R. Benson

Photograph *Central News*

BETWEEN CHUKKERS

Mr. Earl Hopping, the well-known American player, who took part in some of the sixteen chukkers, for which the players cut in and out, at Worcester Park

IN THE PARIS SALON
"Fin de Souper" by Mlle. Delalain

TOPICAL TALES

THE FATAL LEGS

WHEN John Madder was commissioned to paint the portrait of Prince William of Paphlagonia he stipulated, knowing what was due to his Art, that he should deal as faithfully by the Royal sitter as by any ordinary person. As his vision of ordinary persons was peculiar to himself, the resultant canvas, when exhibited at the Academy, before being sent to Paphlagonia, aroused a storm of comment. Especially did criticism—informed and otherwise—centre about the Princely legs.

Prince William, a passionate devotee of golf, was represented in appropriate dress and surroundings, as in the act of driving from the tee. He was leaning backwards about to swing, and his legs filled the centre of the canvas. They were unusual legs. Neither bow nor knock-kneed, they had curiously twisted shin-bones, giving the suggestion that they had been broken in several places and unskilfully set. Many people, not courtiers or sycophants, denounced this peculiarity as libellous, adducing photographs of the princely legs in Court dress to prove that they were, in fact, an unusually fine pair of legs, regarded from whatever social angle and in no way like the painting of them.

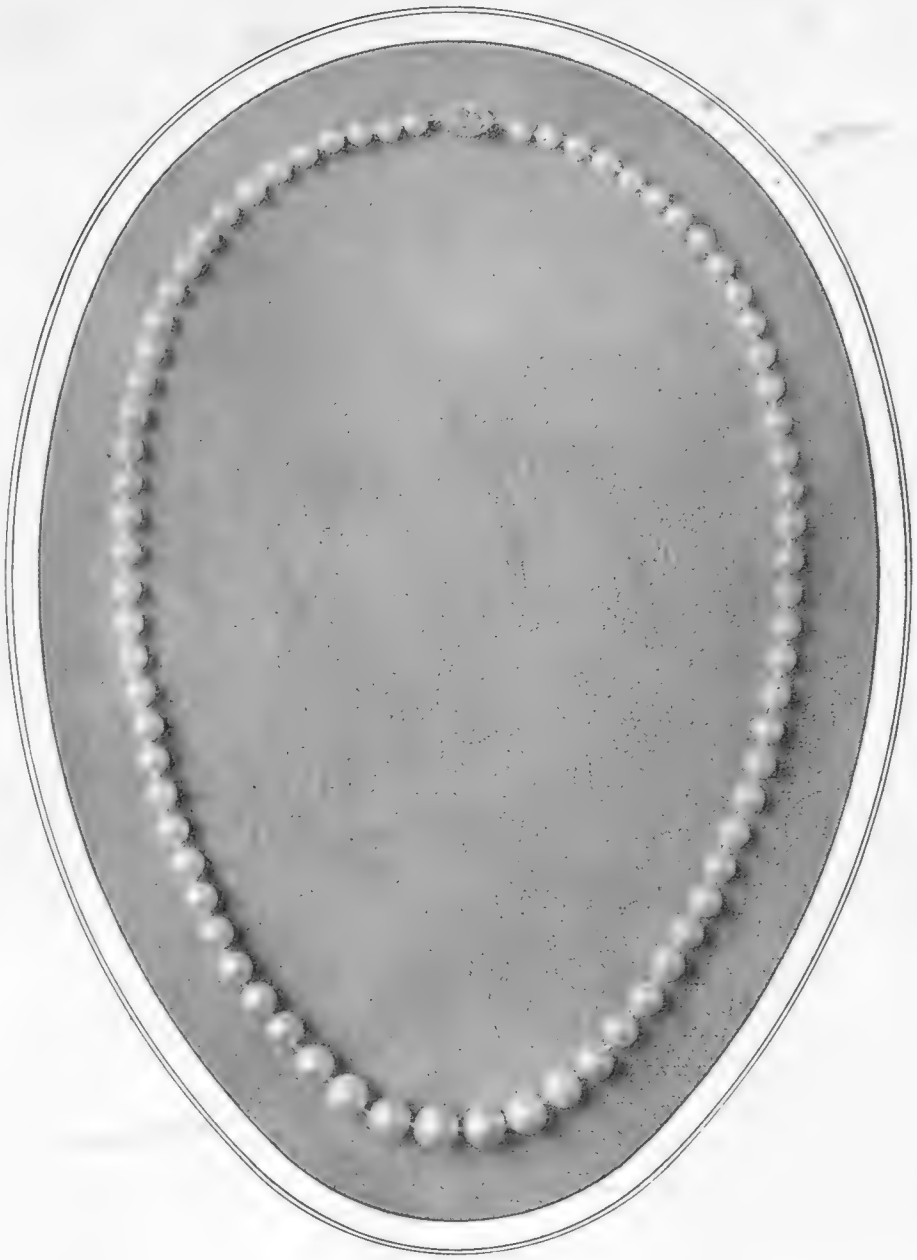
Mr. Madder defended his work, the critics abused it, interviewers exulted, and the great heart of the Public was stirred for several days. An interesting murder happening some little time later deprived Mr. Madder of much of the advertisement he had legitimately earned, and nothing more might have been heard of the matter had not Mrs. Heard, housekeeper of the venerable Rector of Steeple Penton, accompanied him to London, to safeguard his health against the excitement of the May meetings. Visiting with him the Royal Academy, she there came face to leg, so to put it, with the portrait of Prince William of Paphlagonia. Exclaiming loudly: "It's him. It's William. I would swear to them legs anywhere," she immediately fainted away.

Miss Isabel Pell, the well-known lady journalist, was doing Academy frocks for the Woman Page of the "Daily Daily," and being close to Mrs. Heard caught her as she fell. Next morning the "Daily," which, as everyone knows, has for a long time past, owing to a legitimate grievance of its millionaire proprietor in the matter of a timber-concession, carried on a private war against Paphlagonia and its people, published an exclusive story of a piece of Princely Paphlagonian Perfidy such as shocked even the most hardened of its suburban readers.

It will be remembered that the ruling Dynasty, having secured the support of an influential group of capitalists, to whom it promised concessions covering all the natural products of the country, recently recovered the throne after long years of exile, during which Prince William, the rightful ruler, resided in London. He bore the responsibilities of a pretender lightly. Minor scandals chequered his career, and on several occasions he disappeared altogether for a time, occasioning much anxiety to that part of the public which reads the Society papers.

Ten years before the exhibition of the Madder portrait (Prince William then residing in Hertford Street, Mayfair) Miss Elisabeth Marples held a position of trust in the family of the Hon. Mrs. Linklater, daughter of Lord Bates and wife of the Rector of Steeple Penton. During one of their annual visits to Beachampton—for the Linklaters were not rich and avoided the more fashionable watering-places, Elisabeth, accompanying her youthful charges on their way to the beach, made the acquaintance of a fascinating stranger who, after a brief courtship,

(Continued on page 482)



ONE DOES NOT BUY TÉCLA PEARLS EVERYWHERE

That which is anybody's business is nobody's business. If the Oriental or the Técla Pearl should become common, disdain would supersede desire. That is why Técla Pearls are wisely limited in production. And thus, curiously, we arrive at the one and only point in which Técla Pearls excel the Oriental. They are just a trifle more exclusive, for there are fewer of them.

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Upon receipt of London references, selections gladly sent on approval

offered marriage. He was handsome, he was well-spoken, with a slightly foreign accent, he seemed to have money, he was familiar, by his own account, with half the peerage, there was about him a delightful air of mystery. He spoke little of his past but once, in a burst of confidence, declared himself a poor exile, who, if we all had our rights, could place upon his consort's brow a regal diadem. Elisabeth gave a month's notice, and they were married at a registry office, William giving his name as Heard, his occupation as that of a gentleman and his residence as London. The ceremony performed, William took charge of her handbag, containing her savings, which she had drawn out of the bank at his suggestion, led her to a fashionable hotel, ordered a princely luncheon, made some excuse for leaving her, forgot to return, and was never seen again. Elisabeth could give no clear account of him or his antecedents when seeking news of him. On only one point was she clear; his legs were curiously twisted between knee and ankle. She noticed it while they were enjoying mixed bathing, which is allowed at Beachampton, and he explained it as the result of an accident while hunting.

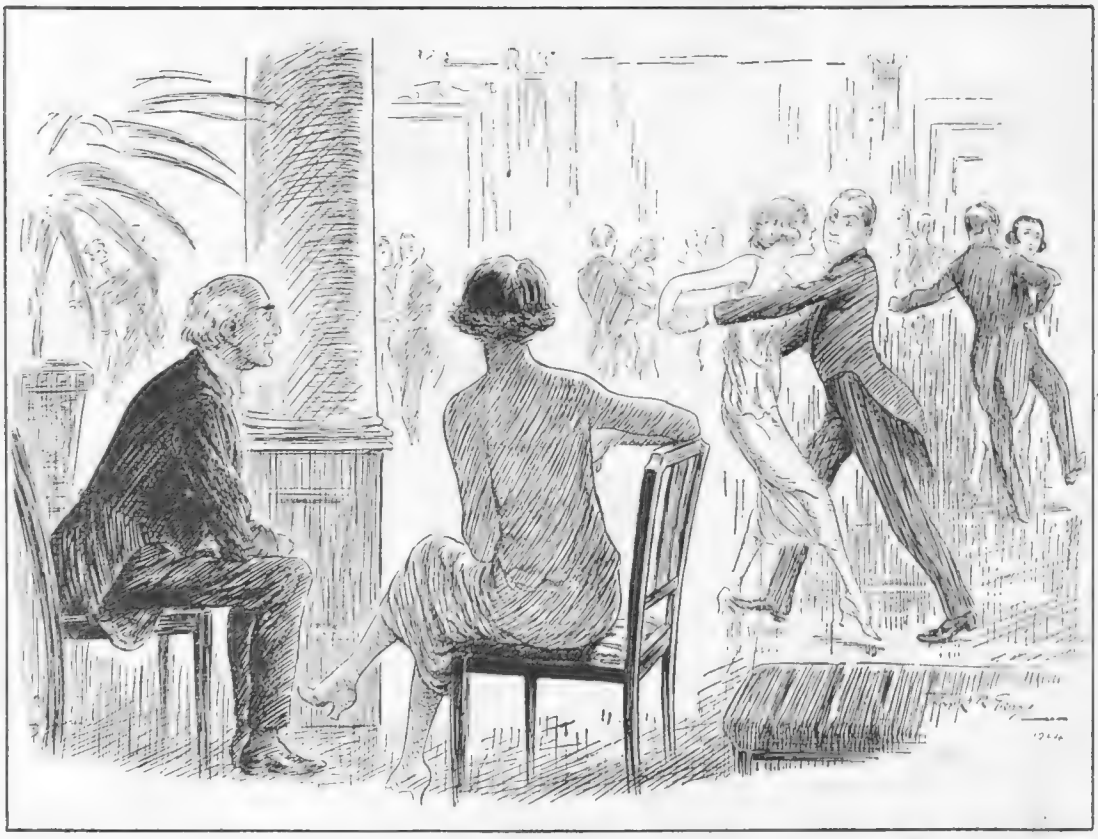
Mrs. Heard's recognition of her faithless husband's legs in those of Prince William of Paphlagonia, detailed by a "sob-stuff" specialist in an organ so vivid as the "Daily," created a profound sensation. The Rev. Walter Linklater, her employer, corroborated her story, on the evidence of his late wife, given at the time of Elisabeth's sorrowful return to their employment. So did various ladies of the advanced Feminist group, more vociferously if with less immediate authority. The "Daily" promoted a nation-wide petition to the Prime Minister, a statesman famous for his high moral tone, calling for the immediate rupture of diplomatic relations with Paphlagonia: only the absence from England of the Royal culprit saved him from deserved punishment at the hands of a Public rightly incensed by such an outrage to the sanctity of British Womanhood.

Among the first to be approached by the indefatigable reporters of the "Daily" was, naturally, Mr. John Madder. His evidence was not, however, published, for he declared that he had had only one sitting from the Prince, for the face, the rest, including the legs, having been painted from a professional model, whose name and address he gave, and whose legs were altogether normal. His peculiar rendering of the shin-bones he attributed to artistic reasons, chief being that the physical attributes of the subject must always be subordinated to the expression of the painter's ego. The "Daily" naturally decided that Mr. Madder was an unreliable witness, the agitation continued, and Public Opinion remained stirred until another murder of unusual appeal occurred some days later.

Meanwhile the portrait was despatched as a gift from Prince William to Princess Melissa, of the neighbouring Kingdom of Crimtartary, for whose hand he was an aspirant. Princess Melissa, having other views, seized upon the unusual legs as the excuse for declaring that she would never marry a man so misshapen. Reproved by her mamma for such undutifulness, the Princess procured a file of the "Daily," had the more pertinent passages translated, and read to her August Parents the story of Prince William's perfidy (which did not greatly interest them), and the threatened rupture with England, with the consequent inevitable refusal of a greatly desired loan (which did). The Princess got her own way, war followed, the Paphlagonian armies were defeated and the painting which had caused all the trouble was destroyed in an air-raid. Prince William went again into exile, this time to New York, where, after the usual trouble with the immigration authorities, he became a dealer in Near Eastern carpets, and is now engaged to be married to the beautiful Miss Hoggenheimer, one of the eighteen thousand most beautiful girls and of the ninety-seven richest heiresses in America.

The moral of which is that when you want your portrait taken, go to a respectable photographer.

OLIVER MADOX HUEFFER



"THE TIMES ARE OUT OF JOINT". By FRANK R. GREY

THE OLD STAGER: "Well! The dancing of to-day looks to me like a walk with someone of the opposite sex, who *will* get in the way"

"YOU'VE come back quickly," remarked a friend in the pavilion.

"So did the bally ball," grunted the defeated batsman.

. . .

A charming young fellow is Doug.
Who at filming is quite a big boug;
But between you and me,
Though he's nice as can be,
It's Mary we'd all like to boug!

. . .

A CERTAIN peer has taken up embroidery as a hobby. Many of our politicians have made it their business!

. . .

SUGGESTED motto for several London plays now running: "Story? God bless you, I have none to tell, sir!"—*Canning.*

Born 1820——Still going Strong!

LITERARY SPIRIT SERIES NO. 13.

"ROSE & CROWN," Wimbledon:—A plain, flat-fronted inn of the 16th Century, on the edge of Wimbledon Common; associated with the great and eccentric poet, Swinburne, whose daily walks in all weathers on Heath and Common made him "a portent and a legend" thereabouts.

Johnnie Walker: "Greetings! illustrious Poet—we still enjoy your inspiring poems and ballads."

Shade of Swinburne: "The inspiration you dispense is more universally enjoyed, I am sure."

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YOGO HAMA AS A WET BOB

"When youthfuls of all sexes suffer loving pangs"

MOST DEAR HON SIR—

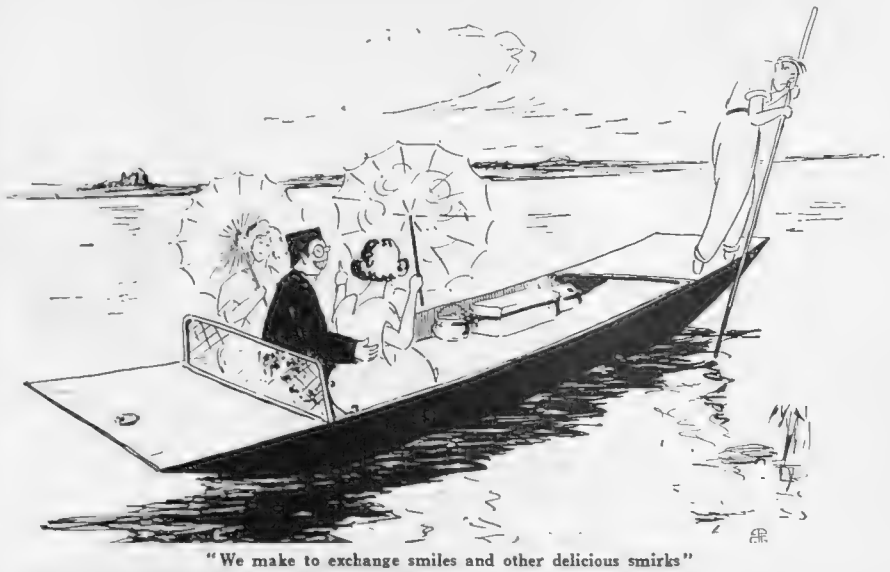
As you are no doubtfully aware, this are the spring month of May, so kindly to permit I should expel a few seasonable ruptures and other effusions before they have evaporate.

This so very celebrated month of the year are greatly esteemed by poeming persons and other byronics, who sing cantatoes and suchly sweetish lyricals because their saps are on the rise and they are full of afflatus. This are the month when youthfuls of all sexes suffer loving pangs and other heart pains which makes them to mingle hands and bay the moon with mournfulish sighs and moans. Are it not a saddishly-sweet thought to think of the 100's of spring youths and maidens, masc and femn, plying their troths and sighing love words in the gloamings and other nooks or crannies? Presently they will be nuptialled and seek to acquire furnishings on the hire-purchasing at 10s. or 1£ per monthly. With your so kind permissions, I shall now have a poetic frenzy and decant it as follows:

Tra-la for the so merry month of May,
When youths and fairs feel smart and gay,
And lovers bay the honey moon,
To acquire a marriage very soon.

I shall now desert my mews and tell you some brass-tacks and other hard and painfulish facts which I made to encounter at a pic-nicking with Hon. friend in the river several days before last. Saidly Hon. friend seek to inquire should I not greatly adore to make this pic-nicking in a punt-vessel with 2 Hon. fairs and a lunch bag at Hon. Hamptons Court. "Indeedly yes," I repart, "this shall be a very stylish junket and feast of beans. Permit I should excusably accept your so benign invitation."

The nextly day I take myself to the place of embarking and are present to the 2 Hon. fairs which are so sweetish to the masc eye that I suffer heart palpitations and other glad pains, also I make pleasant faces to them and good-breeding smiles. We procure the punt-vessel with requisite poles for propelling same, and Hon. fairs pop lightishly into her and subsidize graciously on some luscious cushions in artistic attitudes,

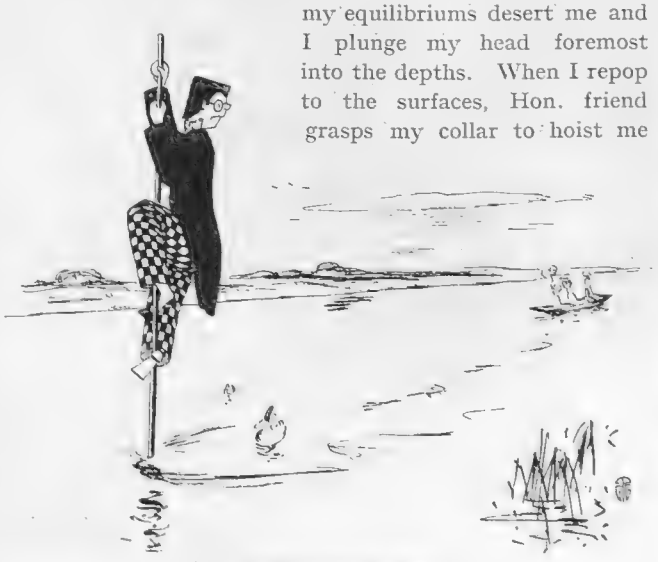


"We make to exchange smiles and other delicious smirks"

so that my admirations increase 10 or more folds. Hon. friend inform he shall make the puntings for the start, then I shall take the poles and make further propulsions. I thereforely decline myself in elegant curves at tender feet of Hon. fairs and we make to exchange smiles and other delicious smirks with coyish words to match. I enquire to know how Anglo fairs acquire so unparallel beauties that foreign masc persons suffer extreme pants in their hearts when they observe them and other loving spasms. Hon. fairs then seek to require how Hon. Japanese gents, as per unworthy self, accomplish so winsome faces and other noble aspects, which makes me to blush with embarrass, but cannot deny very faithfully these so sweetish allegations.

I are awaken from this honey dream of sweet blisses by voice of Hon. friend demanding I should perform my share of puntings. I rise to my pins thinking to achieve very manly and adorable figure as I stylishly propel us through the waters on the pole. I seize aforesaidly with great debonair and plunge him in the depths, but dam punt-vessel does not respond concurrently and make circular tracks round my pole, so that I ejacule modest profanes. I make another plunk with the pole, only to achieve a ditto, so that Hon. fairs utter snickles of mirth and I pray my boots to envelop me. Hon. friend affords me some instructions and I take 1-ce more the pole with hope to make elegant shoves. "Now" I meditate, "I shall make these Anglo fairs fall over their heels with admirations for my so very masc and athletical figure."

Alasly, in my infatuations I had not observe that Hon. punt-vessel had drift itself to middle of stream, so that when I plunge my pole he does not touch any submarine land, but disappears entirely. I make to recover him, but my equilibriums desert me and I plunge my head foremost into the depths. When I repop to the surfaces, Hon. friend grasps my collar to hoist me



"I are left climbing the pole"

"A very awful horned bull advancing to us"

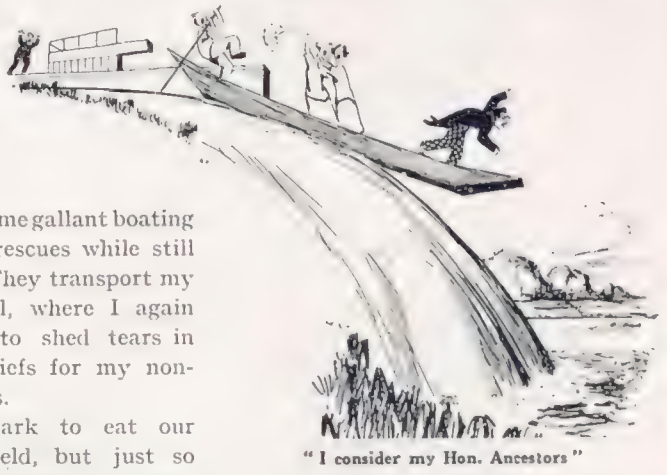
back to the vessel, where I decline with gasps and bellows.

When I are recovered somewhatly, I observe Hon. fairs have concealed their faces with small nose handkerchiefs and are shaking with tears for my perils. This makes me to feel very gladish, so that I thank my good-luck stars to have acquired these luscious tears.

I continue to stylishly punt with gracious sweeps and shoves, bemusing how delightish it shall be when Hon. friend takes his pushing turn and I shall again decline at delicate extremities of these so allurish damsels. "How clever you are, Mr. Y. Hama, to make so fashionable punts at only 1 instruction," Hon. fair inform. "O yes, I did not bet you could be so smartish person, Mr. Y. Hama," collab 2-nd fair coyingly. This makes me to inflate with pride so that I seek to achieve a very stylish and superfine stroke. But with anguish dismays, I discover to find I cannot retract him, so that the punt-vessel emerges from under my feet and I are left climbing the pole and completely surrounded by watery depths. I hollow "Help! Police! Fire!" and some gallant boating persons achieve my rescues while still adhering to pole. They transport my return to punt-vessel, where I again observe Hon. fairs to shed tears in their nose handkerchiefs for my non-fortunate navigations.

Presently we debark to eat our pic-nickings in a field, but just so soonly as we have start to make good feastings, there are a very terrific bellowing and we look to perceive a very awful horned bull advancing to us with immense velocities and snorts. We did not pause to hesitate, but acquired tremendous speeds to the punt-vessel and pushed her to sea. When we have retrieved our breaths in short pants, Hon. friend ejacule "We are on the weir!" I raise my head to observe a very precipitate waterfall which we are racing to leap. Hon. fairs ejacule screams and I consider my Hon. ancestors and whether I shall soonly be 1. Then I experience some crashes and great tons of water on my head. I choke, I give myself for lost and then are hoist from 2-nd watery grave by Hon. gent with hook in my unmentionable garments. Hon. friend and fairs were also thusly ignobly retrieved and we wended for homewards, sadder but wetter persons.

Hoping, Hon. Sir, that the present climatics are agreeable to your distinguished healths, I remain



"I consider my Hon. Ancestors"

Yogo Hama

Photograph *Stage Photo Co.*

"OH 'AMPSTEAD, 'APPY, 'APPY 'AMPSTEAD"

A glimpse of "the Heath" as it was in the days when the coster was a "power in the land," and Albert Chevalier, Gus Elen and others extolled the glories of the "pearlies." As a matter of fact, the scene is one of the successful numbers in "Leap Year" at the London Hippodrome for proof of which note that excellent comedy turn, Mr. Laddie Cliff and Miss Betty Chester, doing a little dance "down cent"

Friction—the Unseen Enemy of Power

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That Fellow Feeling

BY L. R. BRIGHTWELL

No. VI.—THE BULLDOG AS THE CLUB TERROR

AGONIES

By A. A. THOMSON

"SHALL we join the ladies?" asked John, who combined the inestimable privileges of being the husband of Jill, the guardian of Jennifer and our host.

"Right, Sir James," I replied. "Coker hasn't finished his port yet, but he can easily slip it into the Thermos flask he carries for such emergencies."

"Oh, really," said Coker, blushing.

Jill and Jennifer greeted us eagerly as we marched into the drawing-room.

"Parlour games forward, please," said Jill. "We would be amused."

"Then Coker's your man," I announced. "He is prepared to give a short wireless lecture on gridleak faults, a balalaika solo and a few simple conjuring tricks, followed by an original recitation, 'The Shootin' of Danny McGroo,' by——."

"Followed by the shootin' of Coker by me," concluded John, grimly.

"Proverbs?" suggested Jill.

"No, my dear," objected John. "You always take the 'thes' and give me all the stitches and parsnips and things. A most unfair game."

"Shall I," inquired Coker, with a sudden air of wild originality, "show you how to bite two inches off the poker?"

"Certainly not," said Jill. "I know that's what Miss Dell's heroes do, but I won't have my fire-irons bitten by anyone."

"When you've all finished," I remarked, "I'll tell you my game. We shall need five pencils."

"No, you don't," said John, warmly. "The last man who started a pencil game here got away with two H.B. Koh-I-Noors and a gold-mounted fountain-pen."

"Five pencils," I went on, inexorably, "and five sheets of paper. The game is called Agonies."

"She comes in David Copperfield, doesn't she?" put in Coker, brightly.

"Don't be silly. I mean Agonies—the things on the front page of the *Times*."

"Let me see," mused John, "Which is the *Times*? Is it 'Seven Pound a Week for Sunstroke in January,' or 'We Pay You for Measles—a Shilling a Measle'?"

"Nonsense. The *Times* is a respectable daily."

"I've had respectable dailies," laughed Jill. "They steal soap and don't sweep under the dresser."

"One more interruption," I said, crossly, "and I'll unleash Coker on you with 'Gunga Din.' This game is about Agonies or Personals."

"Personals?" queried Jill. "Aren't they what you never descend to at election times?"

"No," corrected her husband. "You mean personalities. 'Unlike my opponent, whose aunt is so well-known in shop-lifting circles, I——'"

"Oh, shut up, John. I take an Agony from to-day's *Times*. I read it aloud. Every Agony is a human document. It contains a story—tragic or dramatic. You produce the story, write it down, and——"

"I think it's a good game," cried Jill. "Let's try it."

"That's the spirit," said I. "Ready? For inspection—port pencils. I select an Agony at random. 'Perdita—I love you—Florizel.' And the reply is: 'Florizel—I love you, too, but what about the Shepherd?—Perdita.' Now, on your marks, go!"

Four pencils scribbled furiously.

"Time!" I announced. "What do you make of it, John?"

"Everyone knows," said John, "that Agonies are burglars' visiting cards. In the first message, Slippery Sam says to Foxy Fred: 'Corner of Park Lane, twelve sharp. Bring jemmy and oxythingummy blow-pipe.' To which Foxy Fred replies: 'Righto, matey.' Do I win?"

"Woefully feeble," I replied. "You must pay forfeit at once."

"Forfeit!" cried everyone in alarm.

"Certainly. All losers pay forfeits. Yours, John, is to stand against the bathroom wall for twenty minutes. Jump to it. The Editor's decision is final."

John left the room, grumbling audibly.

"Now, Coker," I continued, "what's your version?"

"I hadn't quite finished," murmured Coker, "but fourteen passengers got off at Swindon and the driver's name was——"

"Stop!" I interjected. "Hopelessly wrong. Your forfeit is to recite the entire works of Longfellow at the bottom of the garden."

"Oh, I say!" With a tragic gesture Coker went out into the night.

"I think it's a love story," ventured Jill, shyly. "Perdita loves Florizel. Florizel loves Perdita, but her people object——"

"I should think so, indeed! Jill, your sympathy with this rash young couple shocks me. Your forfeit is to go into the dining-room and make coffee for five—no, six. Coker will need two cups when he's finished 'Evangeline.'"

I was left alone with Jennifer.

"What have you written?" I asked.

"I'm afraid I've hardly written anything," she answered, rather sadly.

"Good," said I. "I will now submit my interpretation. It means exactly what it says. I, on the one part, love you, Jennifer——"

"Yes, yes," she murmured, "but the second message . . . what about—"

"That," said I, "is what I've been trying to convey to you all the evening. I spoke to your shepherd-guardian, John—should I say Jack Shepherd?— *before* dinner, and he's willing to let you have me for a *fiancé*—on approval. If he goes back on that, he shall stand on his head till Christmas."

"Honour bright?"

"Honour bright, darling. My forfeit is now to kiss the prettiest——"

"Your *café au lait*, sir," announced Jill at the door. "May we come in?"

"You may," said I. "Congratters, please. Jennifer has put me out of my Agony."

BY ARTHUR FERRIER

THOSE LAW "SUITS"

"Good gracious, Alec! What on earth ——?"
"It's all right, darling. I've just settled with my lawyer for the case we won"

"The Nibelungs": The Screen Saga of Siegfried

"Came he to Mistland, and wrested its treasure,
Wrested its secrets from Alberich, Mist King"

"... from the shuddering monster's last deathquake trembled the forest"

Inset: Siegfried, killed by the spear of Hagen Tronje

In view of "The Ring" season at the Opera House, especial interest attaches to this beautiful film, which raises the art of the Cinema to a new level, and which will be shown from May 31 for a season at the Albert Hall. The lower picture shows Siegfried attempting to render himself invulnerable by bathing in the blood of the dead dragon-guard of Mistland

ONCE ABOARD THE LUGGER—

By Blanchette. *Illustrated by HELEN McKIE*

LONDON, *May* 12

DEAR COUSIN—

HOLIDAY-TIME being now somewhere in the offing, or at any rate, a subject for discussion, have quite decided, meself, to get on board the lugger and go (in the course of that more-or-less world-tour that one plans every summer and which never comes off) to Japan. Wonderful, isn't it, by the way, what a 'straordinary amount of perfectly good knowledge about geography and things we always do acquire somewhere about this period every year?

"Lieut. Betty Buxom wants a couple of quick ones"

OH, the sea, dear cousin, the sea. . . . Why is it that, somehow, one's even very faintest holiday ideas always rush instantly and first of all to the coast and the waves, grey, green, blue or black, that so ceaselessly and patiently and relentlessly lap our shores? The sea's a woman, *ma chère cousine*—and, p'raps, that's partly why men love her mostly, even more than women do. Anyway, there aren't any women sailors yet, though I 'spect we shan't have to wait long for *that*, now we've got women M.P.'s and lawyers and so on. . . . Brighten up things a bit in the wardroom, too, won't it — what? When L'tenant Betty Buxom blows in, full of vim, after taking her watch, and wants a couple of quick ones and a dance to put her straight 'fore she can even *begin* to think of things. And then finds she's lost her powder-puff and sends "Torps," or "Guns," or someone to her cabin to retrieve it. And meanwhile Midshipman Slinky Siren, aged sixteen, 'll be setting all the "snotties" in the gunroom by the ears, poor little darling things, with her insinuating little ways. . . . Oh, it'll be a Brighter Navy, *sans* any sort of *doute*, when that happy little moment arrives.

卐

BUT meanwhile it was just the sea we were chatting about, weren't we? And I'm proposing to make the sea my partner and 'complice (sounds rather like one of these murder stories we've been hearing so much about lately) in this holiday voyage of mine (did I mention it before?) to Japan. Not that I so frightfully adore the Japs 'emselves, after reading Mr. John Paris's oh-so-clever book, *Sayonara*. Wherein he tells the story of a 'thusiastic young English parson who rushed over there as a missionary and married a Jap girl for the good of the community, so to speak, and it turned out quite a nawful mistake owing to East being East and West West, and all that sort of thing, and also other reasons that I'm m ch too young to tell you about.

卐

BUT am sure that Jap country must be the loveliest place yet, if you only choose the right part, that is. Such as, for example, the branch thereof at the Metropole, London, where they're having some perfectly good Japanese evenings and celebrated the other night *un soir à Nagasaki*, which was lots nicer than most British *soirs*, what with its pretty little rose-red lanterns hung all over the place, and lovely pink almond-blossom around and the d'lightfullest of bands—not to mention the mere mundane plovers' eggs and quails, and ices and *asperges* and Bollinger, and other appurtenances thereof.

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AND therewith also there danced that most wonderful couple in all Europe (and prob. also the world), Marjorie Moss and Georges Fontana, who have, it seemeth, fairly knocked 'em at Monte Carlo lately, and are now continuing their victorious career over here. She, the aforesaid Marjorie, being, methinks, the lightest featheriest little thing that ever floated on to and off a ballroom floor, even as a

"Holiday-time in the offing"

butterfly or a little wisp of fluff. . . . But don't s'pose, alas, I shall ever meet them in *real* Nagasaki, 'nless, of course, dear Mr. Yogo Hama specially arranges it for me.

卐

TALKING about which, artists, I mean ('cos Mr. Y. H. really *is* rather special experts in that line, as he'd say, isn't he?) somehow rather like the Academy this year, I do. Which is fearf'ly perverse and wrong, I know, seeing as how, 'cording to some people, it's (like all its predecessors) quite the worst we've ever been afflicted with yet. But tried a quite new plan, when going round at the Private View this time, I did.

卐

'STEAD of endeavouring to pick out pictures of the year and suchlike, just calmly proceeded to look at the whole affair as if it was really an art show wherein one selects some special things, if poss., that (if they'd only taken a bit off the income tax in place of tea) you'd even be almost prepared to contemplate (theoretically) the idea of purchasing, or anyway acquiring

"Young parson rushed to Japan"

somehow. And, d'you know, was quite astonished to discover, contrary to general belief and tradish., whata lot of really fine efforts there were staring one right in the face, if only you could wipe out of your range of vision all the Mayors and K.B.E.'s, and other "presentation" oddments, and the chocolate-box Cadogan Cowpers and the c'lossal Frank Salisburys, and one or two, not to say several other fatal affairs that no one'd ever even dream of *trying* to display before the gaze of the general pub. at any sort of show 'cept the dear darling old Royal Acad.

QUITE a joy, f'instance, every single one of the Orpens, 'cluding that very black-satin and striking Lord Wimborne, also Sargent's one of Sir Philip Sassoon, and Mr. George Lambert's lovely picture of himself in a brown dressing-gown, all bright and breezy and bouncing with rash and reckless Australian genius. How the dear, darling old R.A. judges, with their nice long whiskers, ever came to let it be hung in their old gals.—well, it fair beats me.

COURTS coming on quite soon, next week, to be exact, and all the debs. are simply fluttering in their shoes at the prospect, as you might say. Which reminds me, one of the debs'. delights or flappers' favourites looms ahead only a 'paratively little while.

"All the Mayors and K.B.E.'s"

Commem. at Oxford to wit. And am specially asked by the youthful (I 'magine) but not unpushful (I'm sure) chairman of the ball committee of the celebrated "Ouds" to remind all and sundry that the ball of the aforesaid society will occur on June 26 in the town hall of this more or less well-known spot.

"IT promises to be a more than usually brilliant function this year, dear Blanchette," (sez 'e). And adds, moreover, modestly, "It is, I think, not generally realised that after the Arts Balls at Covent Garden, the O.U.D.S. ball is the best fancy dress ball of the year." Rather baddish luck p'raps it seems at first sight, for Mr. Sherwood Foster and his somewhat famous Chelsea Arts affairs at the Alb. Hall to be left out in the cold like that, what? But' minds me—talking of things left out in the cold—hospitals never call on our support in vain, do they? Especially when there's value for money. So please don't forget the splendid ball that Lady Tree is promoting in aid of the League of Mercy (Westminster District) at lovely Moor Park on June 13. Tickets, Lady Tree tells me, are £2 2s. (including transport) or £1 1s. without a car. Write for them to the League offices at 20, Cockspur Street.

With love, Yours ever,

BLANCHETTE

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SPECIALIST V. GENERAL

THOU SHALT NOT SMUGGLE—NOT DOGS!

By "THE KENNELMAN" *Sketches by NICOLSON*

A NORTH-COUNTRY reader of these Notes, who has been "judging Dogs, as well as loving them," for a good many years, suggests that what he calls "the general doggy public, by which I mean everyone who is really fond of Dogs," do not yet fully appreciate the value and importance of specialist, as distinguished from general, Dog Shows.

"The big general Show provides a lavish feast, I know; and much may be learned from it; but if your quest is knowledge of a particular breed, it's obvious you can do better at the smaller Show devoted exclusively to that breed. Further, when you've visited half-a-dozen specialist Shows, covering as many breeds, it may well prove that you've acquired more doggy lore than the big general Shows could give you, and got it more clearly classified in your mind."

Well, readers who want to test the soundness of the suggestion will have an excellent opportunity next week, when, in the intervals of frequenting the British Empire Show, they'll be able to visit (within half an hour of it) the specialist Shows of the Alsatian Wolfdog Club at Tattersall's (Wednesday), the Pomeranian Club, same day, and the Bulldog Club, Thursday; and there's no denying these Shows are well done nowadays.

"A member of the Kennel Club since Queen Victoria's second Jubilee," kindly writes to thank The Kennelman for "the sound commonsense and doggy knowledge" that he finds in THE BYSTANDER, and adds: "I am often struck by the advance made since I won first card at a Show—Cruft's in the early 'nineties—in the matter of the service rendered to us all by the manufacturers of doggy foods and accessories. Last year a single firm, besides introducing, after exhaustive experimentation, a puppy food which I have found simply invaluable — Saval — actually benched and fed and generally cared for all the exhibits at *three separate Shows on the one day*; and big Shows, too, as widely separated as Cardiff and London." It's certainly a notable record for the firm in question — Spiller's Victoria Foods, Ltd.—or for any other firm that ever was, for that matter.

A Commandment

In the matter of baccy and cigars and income tax, my conscience is not a very sensitive plant; but I'm well on the side of the angels—the authorities, anyhow—in the matter of Dog-smuggling. No use looking to me for tips in this direction; even if I thought there were any effective means of evading the quarantine regulations; which I don't. No, it really isn't good enough. Just a few cases of inadvertently smuggled-in disease, and—months and months of suffering and restrictions for Dogdom generally; not to mention human risks of that appalling thing, hydrophobia. I've seen it, gibbering at me in the street, in India; seen the agonies of the victim in his seizures; and the running amok in thronged bazaars of the mad Dog. Once you've seen it, no amount of personal selfishness should incline you to law-breaking in this direction. One hears with regret that rabies is spreading rather alarmingly in Germany (probably, along with other plagues, from Russia) and that it has washed out quite a number of doggy fixtures. No; the sentimentalists may say what he will. As a lover of Dogs I give no man best; but, or because of that, I'm all for respect for quarantine discipline, and have no horror, but only gratitude, for the existence of the lethal chamber for the homeless mongrel; an easier, better end than he's likely to reach otherwise, and the best in the interests of his race. You feel this, once you've known pariahs and pi-dogs.

In the later neolithic period, before even motor-buses or tubes, the phrase "Kennel Secrets," was given much significance by the writer known as "Ashmont." Just now, it seems like getting a new lease of life from Lieut.-Colonel Richardson, of Broxbourne, Herts, formerly a Commandant of the War Dog School, who uses it as a generic label for sundry special preparations, evolved for use in his own Kennels, and proved of real value. Well, there's thirty years' practical experience behind them.

"Do you think that the landlord, or the co-tenants of a Kensington block of mansion flats have any reasonable ground for objection to my keeping one Labrador and one Field Spaniel, both well-behaved, in my third floor flat?" Probably not, dear reader, if they are, as you say, well-mannered. But what about the attitude of the two people more intimately and directly concerned than landlords and co-tenants? Oh, I know what dear souls they are, and how they'd cheerfully accompany you anywhere. But, all the same, you know, jolly though third floor flats can be for some of us (including many Dogs) they're terribly off the map for Labs and Field Spaniels.

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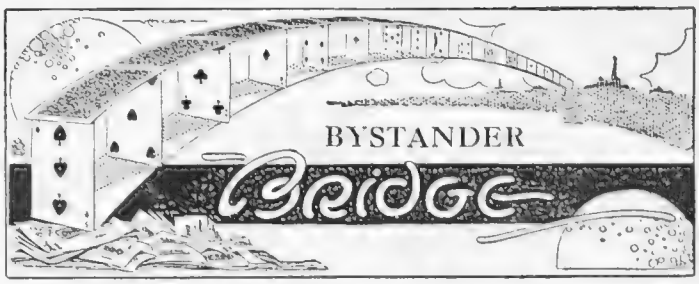

BY A. E. MANNING FOSTER

TAKING OUT FROM FRIGHT

Do you know the partner who takes you out from fright? I expect you do. He is to be found in most clubs. He is a type well-recognised and understood by good players. I am afraid very often, knowing his particular weakness, they play him up. This is the sort of thing that happens. Z, holding a good hand, bids "one Spade." A bids "two Hearts." Y (the frightened one) wriggles and squirms and finally says "no bid." Z, in his turn, bids "two Spades." A and Y pass and B bids "three Hearts" and Z "three Spades." A, having observed Y's contortions, doubles. Y then bids "four Diamonds," is doubled, and goes down 300. Z would have got his "three Spades." But the double terrified Y because he had not got a Spade at all, so he took out the double on the following hand—

S—None. H—K, Q, 3. D—J, 10, 9, 7, 6, 3. C—Q, 10, 4, 2.

I have seen this sort of thing happen scores of times. But the terrified player never seems to learn by experience. He goes on doing it again and again, and, what is more, his opponents know he will go on doing it.

. . . . . .

Now, I ask you, what right had Y to assume that he could do better in Diamonds that Z could in Spades? The answer is he had no right at all. He had not even the excuse of a hand that was absolutely worthless unless Diamonds were trumps. He held support in two side-suits. And yet he deliberately increased the contract from three to four and took his partner out of a winning declaration. What shall we do with Y? How shall we make him wise? Will he never see the evil of his ways and turn over a new leaf?

. . . . . .

In Dr. Gillies's book, *Up-to-Date Auction Bridge*, I find the following wise words: "If your partner shows great strength there is no need for you to deny his suit, and, in these circumstances, you should call your own suit only if enormously strong in it. You must trust him to know what he is doing. He may be doubled, but that is no excuse for panic. One of the most foolish mistakes you can be guilty of is to plunge into a wild bid, through fright, because your partner has been doubled. If your partner is going very strong, you should never move him into a weak call of your own because he is doubled."

. . . . . .

The psychological effect of a double on a timid player is remarkable. I know players who will always take themselves out of a good thing into a bad call without waiting to hear from their partners, just because they are doubled. Of a certain club player it was said:

"You have only to double him and he is sure to do something silly." It is bad enough to have a partner who takes you out from fright, but it is still worse to have one who takes himself out from fright when he is in no danger. The best method to adopt with a terrified player is soothing syrup. Don't get rattled or allow yourself to express annoyance. It only makes him worse. I know it is difficult to adopt this counsel of perfection. But self-interest and self-protection make it necessary. When you are cut with the frightened player, make your bid in a firm, even tone that conveys confidence. If you see signs that he has taken you out on fright go back into your own bid, or if he takes himself out because he is doubled, put him back into his original bid if your hand justifies it.

. . . . . .

Points of interest are raised by F.S. (Tiverton). A deals and says "no bid." Y and B do likewise. Z bids "one no-trumps." Second round A "two Diamonds," Y "two Hearts," B "no bid," Z "two no-trumps." All pass.

Y had six Hearts to the Ace and nothing else of value. The questions raised by my correspondent are—(*a*) Was Y right in bidding "two Hearts" over A, and (*b*) assuming that A did not call "two Diamonds" over Z's no-trumps, would Y be justified in taking his partner, Z, out by calling "two Hearts"?

Now, the case given here is rather different from the ordinary take-out proposition. From the fact that Z, after three passes, bid "no-trumps" his partner was entitled to assume that he had a very sound no-trumper. If there had been no intervening bid by A after the no-trumper I consider that Y would have been quite right to bid "two Hearts." But with the intervening bid I do not think that Y was right. While he was entitled to credit Z with more than average strength, he would have been better advised to pass the two Diamond bid up to him. His bid over the Diamonds was not a "take-out," but an indication of strength, and he had not sufficient strength to render it worth while. If Z had a good no-trumper the game was safe played in Diamonds, and Z might very likely be able to defeat the contract.

. . . . . .

A.W. (Pulborough) asks my opinion of the following hand. Score: Game all. Z deals and holds—S—9, 2. H—5, 4. D—6, 5. C—K, Q, J, 10, 8, 7, 5. He calls "one Club." Was he right?

Well, on the principle I advocate of "two quick tricks" I say "No" unhesitatingly. I would never recommend an initial bid of a minor suit on such a holding. The logic of the matter is this: It is certain that Z is not going to be left in with his "one Club" bid. What good is his hand in defence? Possibly, but by no means certainly, one trick. This is the sort of hand on which it is fatal, in my opinion, to make an opening bid. It only misleads one's partner and causes disaster.

. . . . . .

This is what happened: A and B called Hearts and Spades and Y went up to "three no-trumps" against them, having double guards in both suits, Ace, Queen of Diamonds and two little Clubs. He was doubled and lost 300 points. His remark at the end to Z was:

"Well, if you are going to bid like that I can't help it," and I think he was justified. I have not particulars of Y's cards so that I do not know whether he was correct in bidding "three no-trumps." But I certainly consider on an initial bid of "one Club" by Z he had a right to expect some tricks, either Ace, King of Clubs, or if Z lacked the Ace, another card of entry to bring in the Club suit.

On the system I recommend Z would have passed as dealer and would then have bid his Clubs on later rounds, going up to four Clubs if necessary if Y had called "two no-trumps." I consider Z wrong from first to last. Having made a bad bid originally, he should have warned his partner that his hand was only useful in Clubs by denying the no-trumper on first and second rounds. Y should then have accepted the position, and the game would have been played in Clubs successfully. In the play of the no-trumper the Ace of Clubs was held up until second round, and Z's hand was worth one trick only.

Our Bridge Competition

Owing to the sudden illness of Mr. Manning Foster, it is impossible for us to publish the result of our Four Weeks' Competition. We hope, however, to be able to do so next week, and, following that, to give details of a new Bridge Competition for cash prizes.

The Queen's Message

"Remember that life is made up of loyalty. Loyalty to your friends, loyalty to things beautiful and good, loyalty to the country in which you live, loyalty to your King, and, above all—for that holds all other loyalties together—loyalty to God." These beautiful words were addressed by Her Majesty the Queen to the party of Barnardo Girls who sailed for Australia last year in search of an Eldorado of happiness. They are worth having before one, and we therefore have pleasure in notifying our readers that Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton have published them (with the approval of the Queen) in the form of a beautiful illuminated scroll. Copies can be obtained at the price of 1*s.* unmounted, and 1*s.* 6*d.* mounted; or in a special limited edition of 1,000 copies printed in seven colours, at 5*s.* unmounted and 6*s.* mounted. The proceeds of the sale are to go to the Holiday [illegible]e Fund at Whitstable, which the Queen started at the ti[illegible] her coronation.

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FEMINA

The Way the Money Circulates

More and more I come to the conclusion that we live by taking in each other's washing. I know that greater minds than mine have grappled with the problem and called it "economics," political, social, and all sorts of other formidable "als." Not that elaborate disguises alter facts; but when you let scientists, statesmen, and reformers loose upon a subject—then Heaven help the subject! The people who find time to say things, don't find it to do them, which is probably why Heaven made women into such inveterate conversationalists. If they didn't talk so much there's no end to what they would get done, and the world would never be the same nice, comfortable, live-and-let-live place again.

For instance, the season has begun with the usual brilliance they talk about in the papers. This means that everybody who's anybody is back in Town, busily adding to the brilliance. Need I say that you can't "brill" without spending money, and that this spending, metaphorically speaking, is the taking in of each other's washing? The best people spend to amuse themselves, that's understood, but in the process they give back to the others what the best ancestors made by the efforts of the less successful. It's quite a good arrangement really, though the Socialist people don't see it in that light. "All the circulating in the world doesn't alter the fact that what's been made by the people should belong to the people," that's the line on which they argue.

Photograph *Lassall.*

A WELCOME VISITOR

Madame D'Alvarez, the famous contralto, who is visiting this country after her successful tour in the United States. She will make her first appearance this season at the Queen's Hall on June 2

A MINIATURE OF NOTE

A photograph of the miniature of the Lady Dorothy Macmillan executed by Miss N. Hepburn Edmunds, which is in this year's Royal Academy. Miss Edmunds is Vice-President of the Royal Society of Miniature Painters

Countless are the ways of making the money circulate to everybody's advantage this pleasant month of May. We can patronise art, for instance, and we do, even those of us who don't indulge much in that way at any other time. Patronising art, you know, is a survival from the days when every artist had his special patron at whose expense he lived, painting incidentally the members of the family, decorative and otherwise, which explains, of course, why some very plain women went down to history. It's cheaper to be a patron to the tune of one and sixpence, upholding meanwhile that grand old monument of British art, the Royal Academy. And how nice to feel all the time that you're doing your bit towards the cult of beauty, to say nothing of the living of its devotees who are such very pleasant people, most of them, with such charming houses and intelligent views on things. Not that art at its modernest is always easy to keep up with. It moves along so fast that to be able to admire you've got to throw overboard every day all your carefully cultivated opinions and pleasant little prejudices. But at Burlington House this year,

or any other year for that matter, these tremendous efforts aren't required of you. The critics say that it's a typical year, whatever that may mean. Anyway, it proves one thing conclusively—which is, that portrait painting pays, and that painting as the spirit leads you does not.

And what about the artists who design our clothes? They're tremendously deserving, though we do take their efforts so much for granted. Just think what it means to invent a successful frock! What a miracle of line, now that we're all length and no breadth, as it says somewhere in Euclid! And to think that all this beauty may be yours for something quite inconsiderable in guineas, inconsiderable that is, when one remembers what a masterpiece it's paying for. It looks simple, I grant you, as all high art does. It seems easy, effortless, inevitable, like the dancing of Pavlova, or the playing of Kreisler, but we know better now than the man who said that he did not play the fiddle, but had no doubt that he could if he tried.

Anyway, it's something to know that the money is circulating while you're spending it on your back—I mean on the art and trade of the country. It's something to know that you're not going through your season's balls and things with no one the richer for your efforts. It's something to make the money circulate as it should. Surely it was for this reason, and for no other, that it was born round. Candida.

Photograph *Central News*

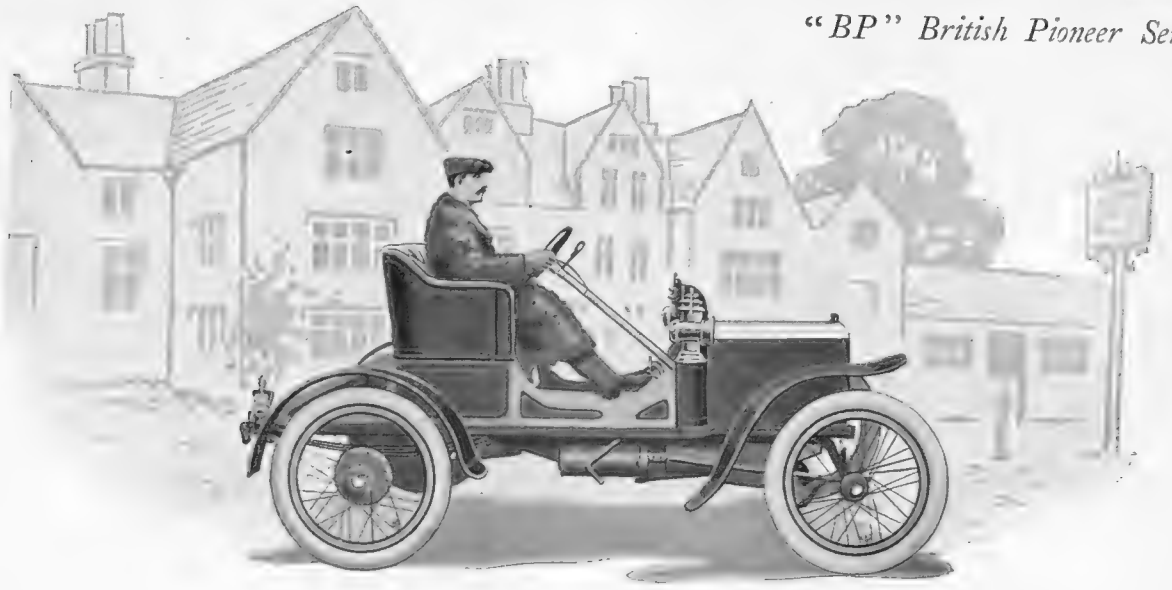
WORSHIPPERS AT THE TEMPLE OF FASHION

A mannequin display was one of the recent attractions at the Temple of Fashion erected by the Bradford Chamber of Commerce in the Wembley Palace of Industry. In this temple is surely a form of worship that is bound to have many votaries

"Hiawatha" at the Albert Hall

The arena of the Albert Hall will present an unusual appearance next week, when Coleridge Taylor's *Hiawatha* in opera form is to be produced (May 19 to 24) in aid of the National Institute for the Blind. For the action of the "opera" is to take place in the arena itself, which will be converted into a vast Indian encampment, while the organ will be covered with a painted canvas to give the illusion of towering mountains and virgin forest. About a thousand people will take part in the production, and among the principals are leading members of the British National Opera Company, including Frank Mullings, Maggie Teyte, Ruth Vincent, Webster Millar and Kathleen Destournel, with a *corps de ballet* a hundred strong under the direction of Lydia Kyasht. The performance will commence at 8 o'clock on each of the six evenings. Tickets, from 5*s.* to 12*s.* 6*d.*, can be obtained direct from the National Institute for the Blind, 224, Great Portland Street, or from the usual ticket agencies.

"BP" British Pioneer Series



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Motoring in the early days was a chilly pastime. Such things as hoods, wind-screens and even side-doors were no part of a car's equipment when the first Rover made its appearance—just twenty years ago.

The original Rover "8" was a single-cylinder model of quaint internal design inasmuch as its frame consisted of a casing enclosing the engine and transmission. A novel feature was a device for employing the engine as an air-compressing brake.

It developed 8 h.p. and could do about 25 miles to the gallon of petrol.

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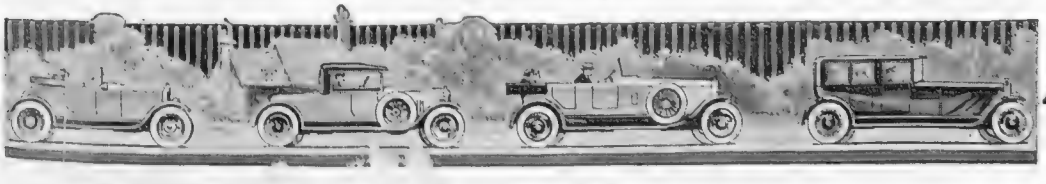

"BP"

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Power in abundance, and a perfection of control imparting a delightful docility.

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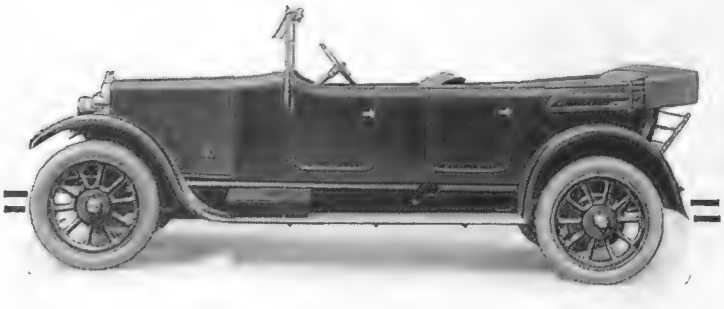

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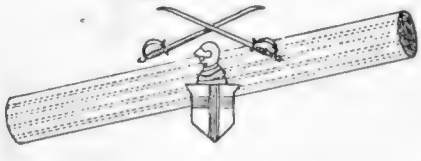

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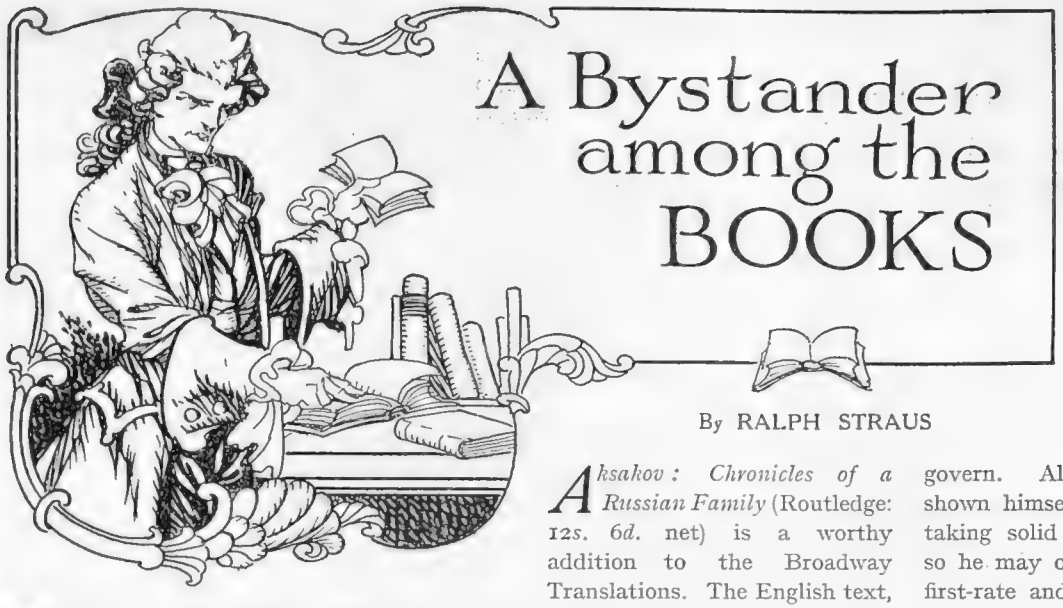

A Bystander among the BOOKS

By RALPH STRAUS

IT was during the War years that the remarkable literary work of Serge Aksakov was first introduced to English readers. Mr. J. D. Duff, you may remember, issued three volumes of translations, *Years of Childhood*, *A Russian Gentleman*, and *A Russian Schoolboy*. Of Aksakov himself it is safe to say that before the first of these three books appeared, not one of us in a hundred had even heard. Yet on its first appearance in 1856 his chief work had created a real sensation, and in his own country he speedily took his place as a master.

❋

MR. DUFF certainly earned our warm thanks, for there are qualities in Aksakov's work which divorce it from any particular age or place. His masterpiece—in all probability a subtle compound of fiction and fact—is no more than a family chronicle, never wildly exciting, perhaps, but never other than intensely interesting, which covers a number of years and more than a single generation. But it is all so vivid and real, and it is told with such simplicity and charm that you almost feel yourself becoming a member of this old Russian provincial family which was flourishing rather more than a century ago.

❋

IT may be doubted whether all Aksakov's family recollections have been printed, even in Russia, but Mr. Duff's translations by no means exhausted all the available material. Two of his books are now to be found in the World's Classics, but there has recently appeared a wholly new translation of a great part of the saga—let us use that now popular word—which includes portions not, so far as I know, hitherto translated into English.

Aksakov: Chronicles of a Russian Family (Routledge: 12*s.* 6*d.* net) is a worthy addition to the Broadway Translations. The English text, the work of M. C. Beverley, is good, and a short introduction by Prince Mirsky gives you all the necessary information about the Russian author. And it is an excellent thing to have so much of the whole chronicle gathered together into a single volume. Reading it slowly—for you do not skip Aksakov—you begin to see that Tolstoy and Turgenev and Dostoievsky and the others have not said all that there is to be said of this Old Russia. You may feel inclined to call him un-Russian, but that will be because your knowledge of Russian literature has been gained from so few sources. Nobody could be more Russian than Aksakov, but that is not to say that he does not belong to all the world. And if you do not know him at all, there is a new treat in store for you. I warmly commend this new translation to your notice.

AN ACADEMY PORTRAIT

Sir Vincent Caillard, D.L., a painting by Mrs. Louie Burrell, which is being exhibited at this year's Royal Academy

I LEAVE Aksakov, and just because I can find no greater contrast, turn to Mr. Philip Guedalla. What this brilliant young man will be doing in the future it is not easy to guess. Perhaps he will be uttering scholarly jokes from the Bench. Perhaps he will occupy an Under-Secretary's seat, and so, of course, have no time to do anything but govern. Already, however, he has shown himself well capable of undertaking solid historical research, and so he may one day produce a work of first-rate and lasting importance. At the moment he would seem to be amusing himself by letting off literary fireworks at more or less regular intervals. It is fairly good fun, even for his readers.

❋

TAKE a look at his new book. It is called *A Gallery* (Constable: 10*s.* 6*d.* net), and is filled with his views about all sorts of people living or (lately) dead. And as his views are generally mildly impertinent, they make good enough reading. Really, however, the book is little more than one long pyrotechnic display, scintillating, explosive, occasionally gracious and fine, but in general too short-lived to matter. There is a flash of extreme brilliance, a report, and the firework is done.

❋

ENJOYABLE, of course. Nothing is more pleasant than a half-dozen, say, of these slightly malicious vignettes, but the time comes when you wonder whether it was quite worth while. And then, it may be, there will come a witty arrangement of words embodying a really shrewd judgment of some statesman or writer, and you are conscious of a desire for a series of encores. Much must depend on your mood. Mr. Guedalla's book, I fancy, is one for the odd moment rather than for steady reading. A tonic, let us say, not to be taken too seriously or in too large doses, and certainly not after every meal.

❋

YOU are probably familiar with the work of Mr. Caradoc Evans. You remember those very terrible novels of his of Welsh village life—terrible because the men and women of whom he told were almost monstrous beings, and yet, as you knew well enough, real living people. Not unnaturally

Mr. Evans himself became the most unpopular man in Wales, and even outside the Principality was accused of being a scandalous libeller. That he was an artist, however, nobody could possibly deny, and to-day his reputation stands deservedly high.

❋

For some time we have not had a novel from his pen, but quite recently a play of his was staged in London, and it is now possible to obtain that play in book form. What you will think of *Taffy* (Melrose: 3*s.* 6*d.* net) I cannot imagine. To me it seems to be one of the most extraordinary plays I have ever read in my life. I have certainly never read about women and men whom I liked less. I have never wished more wholeheartedly to be allowed to do a little private slaughtering on my own. (Which is not so absurd as it sounds, because these people in the play seem to step out from the stage into your own room.)

❋

And what horrors they are! Elders in a small Cardiganshire village, cheats and hypocrites—brutes! Surely they can be no more than vile caricatures? And yet I know somehow that they are not. Mr. Evans may be playing here and there with satire, but there is something besides satire in this very strange comedy of his. There is truth and beauty as well as horror. It is useless for me to give even an inkling of the story, but you should read it, even if it prevents you from ever taking train into Wales again.

Photograph **A FAMILY THREE** *J. Weston*

Mrs. Roland Norman with two of her children, Sylvia and Bob. She is the daughter of Colonel the Hon. Sir Harry Legge, and a niece of Lord Dartmouth

❋

Mrs. Christie really comes as a boon and a blessing to men, and the friend who originally bet her that she could not write a murder story in which he was unable to "spot" the real villain, deserves a warm vote of thanks. For without that bet Mrs. Christie might never have written a line, and in that case M. Poirot would never have been born to out-Sherlock Sherlock or dazzle his Watsonian friend, Captain Hastings. Some of the great Belgian detective's cases are lengthy, and are very properly given a volume to themselves; but sometimes they can be disposed of fairly shortly, and so in *Poirot Investigates* (Lane: 7*s.* 6*d.* net) you have several short stories in which little happens as you expect, and Poirot scores heavily each time. R. S.

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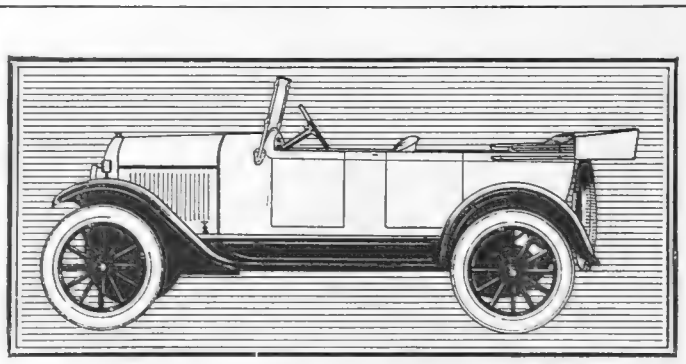

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MOTOR NOTES

CONSIDERING that members of both the present and late Governments knew that there was not the slightest chance of a tax on motor spirit taking the place of the present horse-power tax on motor-cars, it was extremely humorous to read that the House had passed Lieut.-Colonel Pownall's resolution "that this House is of opinion that the present system of taxation of mechanically-propelled vehicles is inequitable, in that it bears no relation to the use and consequent wear-and-tear of the roads, and recommends that a system of taxation based in the case of petrol vehicles on the use of motor spirit, and in the case of steam and electric vehicles on the weight of the vehicle, should be substituted therefor." No doubt this resolution was draughted under the ægis of the Automobile Association, which has used its opposition to the horse-power tax as the best and loudest drum to bang for its publicity. Anyway, they are to be congratulated in having such a pious resolution passed in the House of Commons, especially as no one knows better than their officials that such a resolution has small chance of ever becoming a legal enactment under this Government or the next.

* * *

As far as can be judged, the R.A.C. small car trials for the six days ending May 17 are to be a very select affair, as I do not think there will be more than twenty-five vehicles taking part in the event. In fact, but for the mutual agreement with the Royal Scottish A.C. that each body should hold, if possible, small car trials alternately, I doubt whether the R.A.C. would have bothered about the present trials at all. Yet keen motorists will be glad to learn how the single-sleeve valve 12 h.p. Argyll performs, as "way down South" we hear little of this one-time famous car. Most of us know all about the other entries, such as the wonderful 7 h.p. Austin, the Trojan, the 10 h.p. Wolseley, the 12 h.p. A.C., the 10 h.p. Talbot, 12 h.p. Lagonda, 12 h.p. Palladium, the 10 h.p. B.S.A. and the 8 h.p. Gwynne, all of which have made excellent reputations in the hands of the private owner. The 10 h.p. Galloway is another Scotch car, too, entered for this trial of 1,000 miles, which is only partially known in the South, yet has performed very well in Scottish competitions. With the McKenna duties in the balance at the moment, it behoves British motorists to do all they can to support a number of these smaller firms with their orders if they are to withstand the threatened onslaught of foreign competition at reduced prices, for both the champion French and Italian makes will undoubtedly be imported in greater quantities if the 33 1-3rd per cent. duty comes off on August 1 for good.

(*Continued on page 508*)

SIGHT-SEEING IN CEYLON

Rear-Admiral Sir Hubert Brand and other officers of the Special Service Squadron, snapped outside Trincomalee, the Naval Station of Ceylon, in their 20 h.p. Rolls-Royce

1814

A Sketch from Meissonier's famous Picture in the Louvre.

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HISTORIC SIGNATURES

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SOME cars are hot-tempered. They boil with rage if they have to work hard, tremble with fury at any extra effort, and sulk incurably on the slightest provocation. Their systems are deranged with bad lubricants.

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Never "gummy," always preventing the formation of carbon deposit, Sternol W.W. not only minimises friction and saves deterioration—it keeps your car running its best always whether the thermometer is at zero or 100°F. in the shade. It has all the virtues of other lubricants, and several that they have not. If your car is air-cooled it needs a special grade of Sternol Oil, but for practically every make of water-cooled car on the road to-day the only perfect oil is

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"AMBROLEUM CLINGS TO THE TEETH."

MOTOR NOTES (concluded)

IMPORTERS of motor-cars are in a quandary at the present time, as British motorists are withholding their orders to them in the hope that after August 1, the suggested date in the Budget for the cessation of the McKenna duties on imported motor-cars, the prices will drop very largely. The American and Canadian products are feeling this more than the others, yet in reality there is less chance of their price falling so much as the Continental-built products. Prices are on the upward trend in the U.S.A., as there is a great scarcity of cheap labour available owing to the quota method of regulating emigrants restricting the horde of non-English-speaking natives of Middle and Southern Europe that used to be available before this means was adopted.

* * *

DRIVING the other night in a car fitted with the C.A.V. anti-dazzle bulbs fitted in the headlights, I found that these when switched on in their anti-dazzle position, gave a most excellent driving light, especially when encountering banks of mists such as appear over the roads at this time of year. As one has to have lamp bulbs for one's head-lamps, it is well worth paying 30s. for a pair of these new bulbs with the special wiring and switch included, together with the fitting, when one has to renew the worn-out bulbs. In fact, out of all the various anti-dazzle devices seen and tried, these C.A.V. bulbs are the cheapest and most effective in doing their job. The advantage is greater than dimming, as the driver gets a much better light thrown on the road in front of him, and this is so good that really it is hardly necessary to use the lamps in their ordinary full-lighting capacity even when driving at 35 miles an hour. Also, I noticed that the anti-dazzle effect must have been good, as other drivers did not appear in the slightest degree worried by our lamps when we met them. Also testing that effect for myself, no glare was experienced at all, either near or far away from them.

* * *

EVERY Chancellor of the Exchequer pitches the same tale about motor taxation, namely, that he wants £15,000,000 per annum out of the motor vehicle tax, notwithstanding half that amount was the total originally desired as our annual contribution from the mechanically propelled vehicle towards the improvement of our roads. I suppose, however, that the present Government think they have been sufficiently generous in reducing by half (namely, 10 per cent.) the 20 per cent. extra demanded for quarterly car licences. As for the concession in regard to the surrender value for unexpired licenses, this was a piece of sheer robbery, and it is only justice that compels any Government to alter the past order of no rebate. But motorists do not yet despair in hoping to see the present horse-power tax of £1 per h.p. reduced to 15s., which would have come long ago but for the fear of the commercial and motor-bus interests that any concession made to the car-user would entail further imposts on their class of heavy vehicle. OLD HY.

A LINK WITH MILTON

Ludlow Castle, formerly the seat of the Lords President of Wales, where Milton wrote "Comus" and where the play was presented in 1634. The Wolseley "15" Coupé in the foreground is somewhat like "the flowers that bloom in the Spring, tra-la!"

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5

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No. 1,067.—Vol. LXXXII. Wednesday, May 14, 1924

[Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.]

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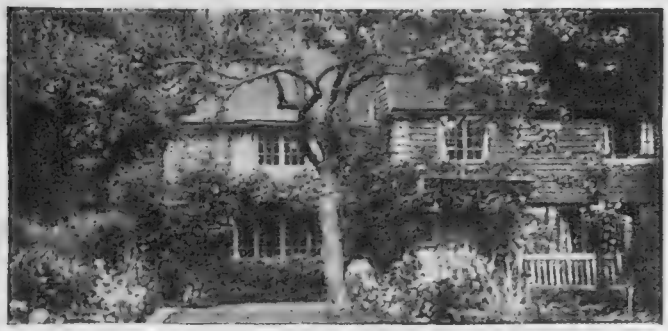

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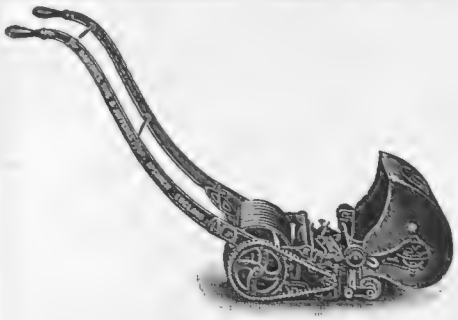

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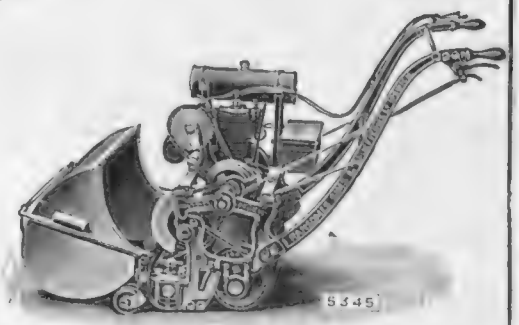

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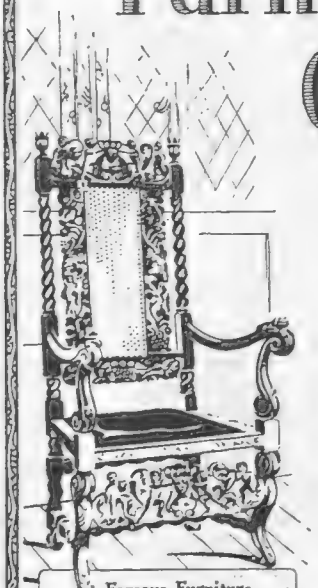

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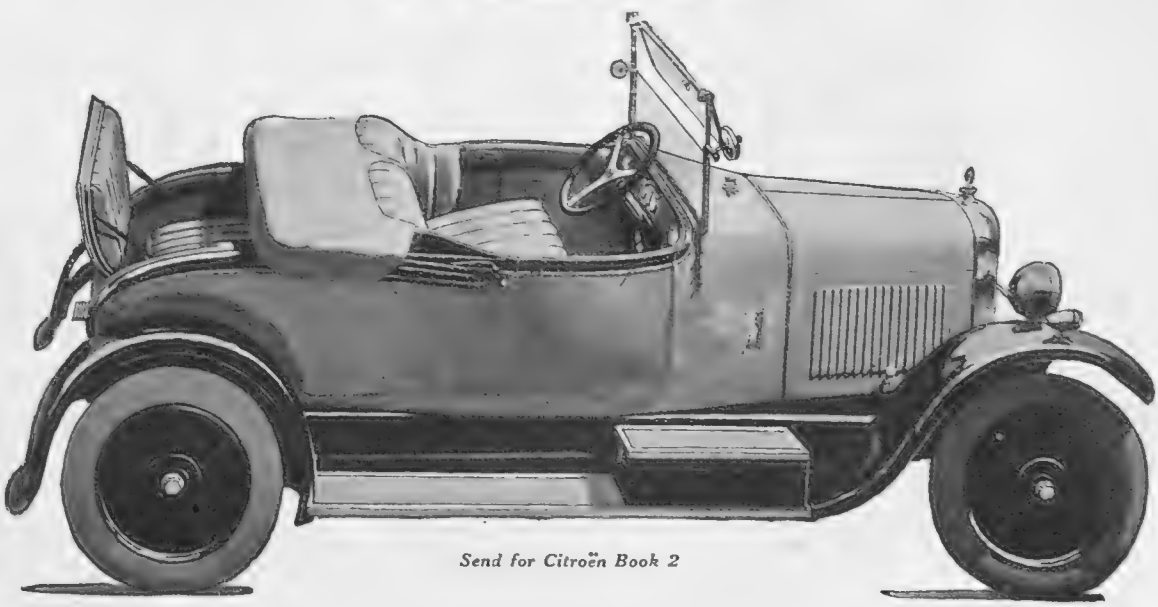

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Plentiful accommodation—motor tours amidst the world's finest scenery—golfing on many famous courses—fishing, bathing, beautiful walks—Aberdeen cannot be bettered as a holiday resort.

BI-WEEKLY SAILINGS EITHER WAY JUNE TO SEPTEMBER.

NOTICE TO PASSENGERS: The Company's Steam Tender, "Ich Dien," attends the Steamers on their arrival in London, for the purpose of conveying passengers to Westminster Pier, Thames Embankment; she also leaves that Pier with passengers for the Steamers One Hour before the advertised times of sailing from Limehouse.

Ask any Tourist Agency or write to-day for Leaflet "F," and full particulars of Fares and Allied Holiday Tours, post free from

ABERDEEN STEAM NAVIGATION CO., LTD.

Aberdeen Wharf, Limehouse, E. (Phone: East 952).
Pitt & Scott's, 25, Cannon St. (Phone: Bank 749).
Wheatley's, Ltd., 46, Beak St., Regent St., W. (Phone: Gerrard 3581)
Or HEAD OFFICE, 87, WATERLOO QUAY, ABERDEEN.

Excelsior Shoes *for Ladies*

Ideals are not always impracticable. The makers of Excelsior Shoes are putting more work into those parts that are hidden than manufacturers of cheaper shoes could possibly afford. This thoroughness ensures lasting shapeliness—long wear—and perfect comfort from the first day. A practical ideal that wearers of Excelsior Shoes alone can appreciate.

"A Shoe of Beauty and a Joy to Wear"

Excelsior
MODEL 4000.

Original Design in Beaver Glace Kid, with "Excelsior" Calf Strappings.

If you experience any difficulty in obtaining Excelsior Shoes, please write for name of nearest agent to the sole makers, G. F. HUTCHINGS & Co., Ltd., Excelsior Works, BRISTOL

A Perfumed Velvety Cream that removes Hair like magic

1. *Spread Veet on just as it comes from the tube—*
2. *Wait a few minutes—*
3. *Rinse off with water—*
4. *And the hair is gone.*

For sale everywhere at

3/6

Also sent postage free in plain wrapper for 4/- or a trial size for 6d. in stamps. Address: Dae Health Laboratories, 68, Bolsover St., London, W.1.

IMPORTANT WARNING. Veet is being imitated. Do not be deceived by advertisements which are made to look and read like ours. Veet is the original and only genuine cream hair remover. Beware of imitations and harmful substitutes which stain and injure your skin.

"BAL-LON-ETTE"

TRADE MARK.

LOW-PRESSURE CORD TYRES

MADE IN ENGLAND

WERE USED BY 5 A.B.C. CARS IN THE LONDON—LAND'S END TRIAL

WON 2 GOLD and 3 SILVER MEDALS

NO TYRE TROUBLE

Light Car & Cycle Car, April 25.

"The A.B.C.'s were conspicuously successful, not making a single failure."

The Autocar, April 25.

"Low pressure tyres were in favour, not only because they made it unnecessary to use chains on bad hills, but also because they would alleviate the buffetings of a car on the execrable roads of Cornwall."

We can fit *your* Car!

No alteration to existing hubs. You simply take your old wheels off and put "BAL-LON-ETTE" type wheels straight on to the car.

NO TROUBLE WHATEVER

Call at our London Office and have a Trial Run.

LONDON OFFICE:
172, Gt. Portland Street, W.1.

NEWCASTLE ON-TYNE:
38, Grey Street.

BRISTOL:
100, Victoria Street.

SPECIAL OFFER!

We undertake to supply you with a set of four 715 × 115 tyres, including wheels, sent to you pumped up to the right pressure ready to be put on. Price with steel pressed spoke type **£20 1s. 0d.**, or fitted on disc wheels for **£18 6s. 0d.** If you prefer to go back to your old wheels and tyres, we will return you 75 per cent. of the purchase price so long as the wheels and tyres are returned to us within a month, having had fair wear and tear, that is to say, that they have not been damaged by an accident.

BRING
YOUR CAR
to our
LONDON DEPOT.

We will fit you up right away.

WE HAVE WHEELS IN STOCK FOR MOST MAKES OF CARS.

ASSOCIATED RUBBER MANUFACTURERS, LIMITED,

ALMAGAM MILLS, HARPENDEN.

Pearl Expert offers £1000 for a necklet of Ciro Pearls

A LADY who bought a necklet of Ciro Pearls last year, wrote home recently from Perth, Western Australia.

"On the boat coming out I noticed a man looking hard at my Ciro Pearls, for several days. At dinner one evening he told me he was connected with the Pearl Fisheries at Broome, and expressed his admiration of my necklet. I asked him what he thought my pearls were worth and without hesitation he replied "Well, I'd willingly give £1,000 for them anyway!" I was too dumbfounded to answer at first, but afterwards had to tell him they were Ciro Pearls."

When you wear CIRO PEARLS even side by side with genuine pearls we have abundant evidence to prove that it is impossible to tell the difference. But to ensure the essential qualities of perfect reproductions of ocean gems you must secure true CIRO PEARLS. The only way to make certain of avoiding substitutes made by mass production methods is to buy from our own establishments, where only can CIRO PEARLS be obtained. We have no agents anywhere.

OUR GUARANTEE OFFER.

If you cannot visit our showrooms, send us a Guinea and we will post in a registered packet a necklet of Ciro Pearls 16 inches long with solid gold clasp in case. Keep them for a fortnight and compare with any real pearls. If you can detect any difference return to us and we will refund your money in full.

May we send you our illustrated Pearl Booklet 7. Post free on request

Ciro Pearls Ltd
178 REGENT ST. LONDON W. 1. Dept 7
48 OLD BOND ST. LONDON W. 1
44 CHEAPSIDE, LONDON E.C. 2
25 CHURCH ST. LIVERPOOL
and British Empire Exhibition, Wembley.

"Mackinlay's is the best of them all"

—so writes a customer abroad

When a firm has been established for over a century—when no break has occurred in the continuity of the business—when it has gone on steadily growing with the years, it may safely be said that a tradition has been handed down from generation to generation, and which it is the proud privilege of the firm to maintain. Our tradition is the practice of giving the best value procurable in Scotch Whisky, until it is now said "If you have Mackinlay's you have the best." Mackinlay's is a synonym for value.

13/6
per bottle

Also
Mackinlay's V.O.B. Scotch Whisky
12/6
per bottle

MACKINLAY'S
Liqueur
SCOTCH WHISKY
ML
Established over a century
CHAS. MACKINLAY & CO.
Distillers and Blenders, Leith & Inverness.
London Address: Trafalgar House, Waterloo Place, S.W.1

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1575
LUCAS BOLS
Founder of the Distillery Amsterdam

KÜMMEL
VERY OLD GIN
DRY CURAÇAO
CRÊME DE MENTHE
MARASCHINO

The World's Favourite Liqueurs for 348 Years

BROWN GORE & CO. 40. TRINITY SQ. LONDON. E.C.3.

FASHION'S FANCIES

By MRS. JACK MAY

LOOKING around at Wembley to see if there was any marked difference between the dressing of ourselves and our many Colonial visitors, I frankly forgot this particular interest listening to the various accents.

There is the slight Cockney twang of the Australians, the similarly slight American of Canadians, and the clipped and sometimes actually broken English of South Americans, who mostly carry on in Spanish. Of course, many apologies if I am treading on toes; but English as she is spoke the world over is so full of variety.

FOR THE LINKS

An attractive golf suit of Cumberland homespun tweed with deep wrap over skirt and Cardigan type of coat. It is made by Harvey Nichols of Knightsbridge

Sketches by "Beta"

To get back to clothes, however. Tailor-mades are having a fine fling, and very wise too. A summer suit is just as cool as a summer frock, and far more practical, since it is always possible to doff the coat if it is too warm, provided there is something sufficiently attractive beneath in the way of an over-blouse or jumper.

Ready-to-Wear and Excellent

THOSE who have need to buy a summer tailor-made must do so at once—a feat that will be found very simple if the establishment sought is Harvey Nichols, Knightsbridge—or leave it alone. It is no mere *façon de parler* to say that there is here an unrivalled choice of ready-to-wear suits, ranging from Shetland tweeds, the coats of which are lined waterproof silk, at 98*s.* 6*d.*, to smart Town affairs from 6½ to 10 guineas.

Particularly attractive is the display of grey flannel models, so much worn this season, that commence at 5½ guineas. Another eminently useful range is of Saxony suiting, in neutral tones, also selling at 98*s.* 6*d.*, the coats, plain or belted, single or double-breasted, long or short. It is also the easiest matter to match up a sports skirt here to any jumper or Cardigan, a display of these skirts seeming to embody every conceivable colour and material, plain and striped. These are skirts cut for sports, not mere show, the majority conforming to the comfortable wrap-over style, with very deep under-lap. A delightful Fair Isle tweed starts at 59*s.* 6*d.*, but the gradations of value are very fine.

Most covetable, too, is the golfing suit, illustrated, a speciality of the house. This is built of Cumberland homespun tweed in four different mixtures, brown and red, orange and black, red and grey, and orange and grey, being, moreover, woven in two different ways, so that one or other of the shades comes uppermost, the coats being accorded one effect and the skirt the other.

Thus, in the example shown, the deep wrap-over skirt brings the brown uppermost, and the Cardigan type of coat the red. Three usable buttons provide the skirt with perfect ease when playing, while to accompany these suits Harvey Nichols supply cosy little pull-on hats to match, a narrow leather strap passing round the base of the crown.

Nor have the needs of older women been overlooked in this tailoring *galère*. A remarkably choice selection of heavy-weight black marocain costumes is shown, the coats in some instances of full length, and consequently available as wraps. A really capital idea.

A SEASIDE "MULTUM IN PARVO"

A novel contrivance for use at the seaside, to be seen at Harrods, Brompton Road. The "Bathing Compactum" illustrated above, can be used as bathing-wrap, beach-rug and hold-all equally well

Off to the Seaside

THE hour is hovering on the horizon when the exodus commences for those who are free to go when they please to the sea, and the representative houses are thus early equipped with bathing impedimenta. It has, however, been reserved for Harrods once again to come forward with a wholly original idea in the guise of the "Bathing Compactum," an extraordinarily comprehensive title that exactly describes the ingenious contrivance, which may be used as a bathing wrap, a beach rug for small kiddies to crawl about on, or a hold-all.

It would not be fair to give the secret of this *multum in parvo* away; but our artist has sketched its appearance as a *manteau des Bains*, and this much may be said that it is made always of Turkish towelling, plain and figured, trimmed fringe or deep contrasting bands, and that the commencing price, which includes a double stout webbing strap when it is converted into a hold-all, is only 15*s.* As with all beautifully simple ideas, one can only marvel it has never been thought of before. Starting off in the morning there can be stuffed bathing dresses, spades, sunshades, even a picnic lunch

into the "Bathing Compactum" as a hold-all. Relieved of these burdens, it can be spread *pro tem.* on the beach for baby, and when the propitious moment arrives it emerges as one of the most graceful wraps a woman could desire to find. On the return home it reverts to the hold-all form, for wet bathing suits, and any odd thing lying about. To have devised something so absolutely utilitarian, and at the same time so attractive, leaves one a little breathless in admiration. .

Perfection in Line and Style

ABSOLUTELY assured of the ground on which they stand, Robert Heath, Ltd., 37, Knightsbridge, pursue the same quiet dignified methods of doing business that has characterised the house for over seventy-five years. Although their name for sports hats is known the world over, one would never suspect such bustle from the calm atmosphere prevailing at Knightsbridge, which is the sole and only address. To-day the firm are as busy supplying the great-granddaughters of their original clients as they were their forebears in the far-back ages, for once the value of a Robert Heath hat has been tested it is impossible to be satisfied with any other.

Neat sports headgear is the leading speciality, and it is of this in its summer guise that has to be related. Who but such specialists would have conceived the idea of the summer "Sou-Wester," illustrated, a really bewitching piece of headgear composed of hand stitchery on silk on one side and black satin on the other. And so deftly is the whole contrived it may be worn either side outwards, while it is, furthermore, proof to all sorts of weather, and is obtainable in a variety of plain and fancy colours and combinations. Though the "Sou-Wester" is by no means the first reversible hat devised by Robert Heath, it is surely quite the most attractive, and should prove ideal for the seaside and sports on windy days. Another interesting development here is the well-known felt Lennox shape, expressed in a beautifully light silk Italian straw. As pliable as the original felt, the straw rolls up with equal ease for packing, and is waterproof. The "Somers," again, is a roll-up with a shady pliable brim of shot ribbon, offered in the loveliest tones, including silver, rose, gold, Persian-blue and seaweed-brown.

HATS WITH A PURPOSE

Two serviceable and attractive designs from Robert Heath, Ltd., of 37, Knightsbridge. The hat on the left, the Straw Lennox, is of beautifully light silk Italian straw, as pliable as felt and absolutely waterproof. That on the right, a Summer Sou-Wester, can be worn either side outwards, being composed of hand stitchery on silk on one side and black satin on the other

Especially devised for sport, but obviously as equally suitable to all-round country service, is the "Phipps," a featherweight of raffia straw, a most becoming roll being accorded the brim, that does not, however, detract in the least from its shady effect. The "Derek," yet another all-weather country hat in chenille and hemp mixture, trimmed with a silk ribbon band, costs only 39*s.* 6*d.*

Anyone labouring under the delusion that because Robert Heath are exclusive and a law unto themselves they are

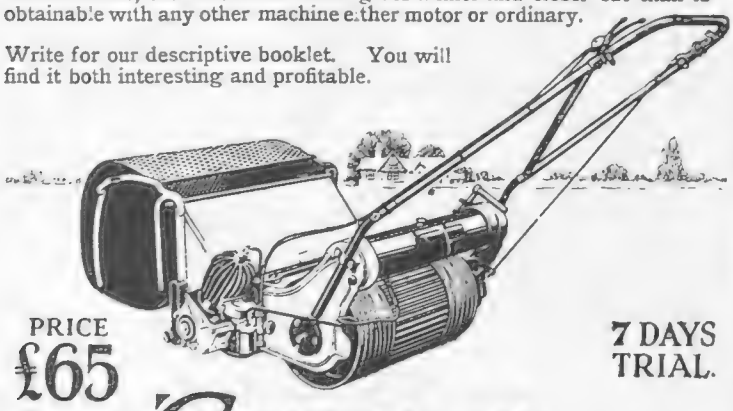
(*Continued on page* xiv)

The Cheapest & best way to cut your lawns

is with a 'GOVERNOR' Patent Motor Lawn Mower. This remarkable 22-in. machine is simplicity itself—a boy can quickly learn to operate it and with it can do as much work as would be done by a large horse-drawn machine in the same time. The saving of time and the upkeep of a horse alone enables the 'GOVERNOR' to pay for its first cost—in but one season.

Moreover, owing to the constantly high speed at which the revolving cutters rotate, the 'GOVERNOR' gives a finer and closer cut than is obtainable with any other machine either motor or ordinary.

Write for our descriptive booklet. You will find it both interesting and profitable.



PRICE £65

7 DAYS TRIAL.

'GOVERNOR'
MOTOR LAWN MOWER

John Shaw & Sons Wolverhampton Ltd.,
Long Street E.4. Wolverhampton

B2

BY ROYAL APPOINTMENT TO THEIR MAJESTIES THE KING & QUEEN

ROWE
OF BOND STREET

CLOTHES
for
YOUNG MEN, YOUNG LADIES
SCHOOL BOYS, SCHOOL GIRLS
and
CHILDREN OF KINDERGARTEN AGE

Write for our Catalogue "The School Age"

WM ROWE & CO LTD
105-106, NEW BOND STREET
LONDON, W.1.
AND AT GOSPORT

CURRENT FEATURE
Wash Suits and
Wash Frocks

C.F.H.

PEARS PAGEANT OF BEAUTY

EXPRESSION makes beauty. I have chosen this face, not only for its luminous English fairness, but for the innocence of the deep blue eyes, the serene whiteness of the brow, and the sweetness and strength of lips and chin. . . . Its radiant loveliness, shining from within, is symbolised in the lighting

Elwin Neame

What is English beauty?

Does the beauty of this lady "garmented in light" conform to your idea of loveliness? Do you agree with Elwin Neame?

Certainly, beauty of expression or of feature without the "luminous English fairness" of skin would be like a lamp unlit, or a flower faded.

Look about you and you will see. Without the unclouded loveliness of a satin skin a woman's beauty is lifeless, unenchanting.

In the transparent purity of Pears Soap, six generations of lovely women have found a faithful servant to their beauty.

Pears

for health and beauty

FASHION'S FANCIES (*concluded*)

necessarily prohibitive in price, will be quickly made wise on that point by a visit to Knightsbridge or by sending for the illustrated price-list.

Summer Drinks

Visitors from abroad, especially those who have lived in tropical countries, are fully alive to the vitamine value of lime-juice cordial. For this reason, provision has been made at Wembley for adequate supplies of this summer drink (this is, of course, just *in case* summer comes !), and the contract has been placed in the capable hands of the manufacturers of Idris Lime Juice Cordial—a lime juice which is made from fruit grown in the West Indies.

A Palace of Power

Visitors to Wembley cannot fail to be impressed by the huge Industrial Section, within the huge shell of which are many buildings representing various industries. For instance, one great plot of 12,000 square feet accommodates the Gas Industry's Exhibit. The motto of the industry is "Light, Heat and Power," all of which are to be illustrated by means of paintings. One large hall has been designed as a setting for the artists' work. This beautiful lounge is surrounded with model rooms, some of which represent definite periods of decoration which go back in sequence to the William and Mary period and will act as a foil to the ultra-modern rooms. All the gas appliances utilised in the various apartments will be suitable to the periods represented. The scheme of decoration throughout the Gas Section is pearl grey with gold relief, similar to the Paris Opera House design. This gives an extremely simple colour effect with the maximum of richness, making an effective background subordinated to the varied colourings of the furniture and hangings in the rest lounge and model rooms. The walls have been converted into huge pictorial frames, as it were, and the pretty rooms are the scenes depicted within the frames.

FROM SMALL BEGINNINGS

Two pictures that point their own moral. The upper one is a representation of Harrod's as it was at its beginning in 1849. The lower photograph tells its own tale—a tale of endeavour and enterprise that has built up Harrods as it is to-day, in its seventy-fifth year

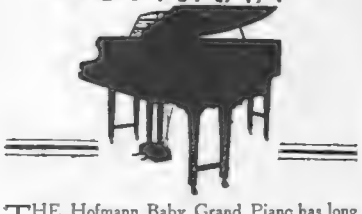
A Notable Sale

By order of Trustees, Messrs. Hampton and Sons are instructed to sell the Whittington Hall Estate, near Kirkby Lonsdale, on the borders of Lancashire and Westmorland, lying between Kendal and Lancaster. The estate is about 1,170 acres in extent, providing good shooting with a stretch of salmon and trout fishing in the River Lune, and includes a well-known County House, occupying a very beautiful position on the high ground in its undulating park and commanding very extensive views. Failing a sale privately as a whole, the Estate will be offered by Auction early in July.

A Claud Lovat Fraser Book

Art and Advertising are no longer mutually exclusive terms. The new profession of Advertising has called in the aid of its older and more sedate sister, Art, with benefits, one gathers, to both. One of the best examples of this coalition is a little painting book for children which the proprietors of Eno's Fruit Salt have published recently. It contains a series of beautiful designs by the late Claud Lovat Fraser in that delightful artist's happiest vein. If this cannot develop the artistic sensibilities of a child, nothing can. The book is published at the price of one shilling, but will be sent on receipt of sixpence to readers who mention THE BYSTANDER. Write to Messrs. J. C. Eno, Ltd., Box 671, London, E.C. 4.

HOFMANN



THE Hofmann Baby Grand Piano has long been famous for its wonderful Tone-Quality, and its responsiveness to the delicate touch of the artist—at 75 to 115 Gns. this instrument represents the most extraordinary value ever offered to the British Public—on view in the showrooms of VALES,
14-15, BURLINGTON ARCADE, LONDON, W.1

No house is secure without a Watch Dog
Lt.-Col. RICHARDSON'S Pedigree trained
AIREDALES
Largest Kennels in England. Open daily. Best ladies' guards, and companions. Safe with children, not quarrelsome, specially trained against BURGLARS—From 10 Gns. Pups 5 Gns. Wormley Hill, Broxbourne, Herts. Easy drive of London or 30 minutes from Liverpool St.
Tel: 52 Broxbourne.

SURGICAL STOCKING OCCULTA
Invisible under the finest stockings.
Containing no rubber.
Molds the leg by the traction of the suspenders. Thoroughly hygienical. Perfect aeration of the skin. Washes like an ordinary stocking.
Send measurements: A, B, C, and 25/-
G. H. WICKHAM
15, Rue de la Banque, PARIS.

A Young Face

Free from all marks of age, worry or ill-health, is essential to your success. A tired, careworn looking face does not impress anybody and may bar the way to the privileges, affection and happiness which are rightfully yours.

IF your face shows wrinkles and baggy skin under and above your eyes, frowns or lines from mouth to nose, have them removed by my painless and immediate process, which is absolutely harmless, and look 15 years younger. If your face has lost the firmness and contour of youth and "sags," have the loose skin made firm and elastic again. Also the shape of the nose and other facial defects are corrected at once and for ever. A free consultation with me will show you the sure and quickest way to look younger and attractive. I have successfully treated over 6,000 men and women during my 15 years' practice in London and abroad. Clients who have been treated can be seen.

HYSTOGÈNE
40, BAKER STREET (Portman Square), LONDON, W. 1
Telephone: Mayfair 5846.
Established 1911. *Hours from 11 a.m. to 5 p.m.*

THE DINNERS OF
ROMANO
JAZZ-BAND. ATTRACTIONS AND VARIETIES.
Programme changed weekly.
14, Rue Caumartin, PARIS.
Lunch Fr. 17 Dinner Fr. 20
Champagne Fr. 45 Drinks Fr. 6
Dancing from Dinner to Midnight.

DINARD (Brittany)
The All-the-Year-Round Resort.
8 Hours from Southampton.
18 Hole Golf.
The Most Equable Climate.
The Most Reasonable Terms.
Apply for Season Terms (July-Sept.)
CRYSTAL HOTEL 1st class, inclusive from 35 fr.
MICHELET HOTEL inclusive from 25 to 35 fr.

MACKIE'S Charcoal Biscuits
Most people are more or less troubled with their stomach.
Mackie's Charcoal Biscuits are the simple remedy.
Sample tin post free for 1/10
J. W. MACKIE & SONS, LTD.
Purveyors of Rusks and Shortbread to H.M. the King
108a Princes Street, Edinburgh

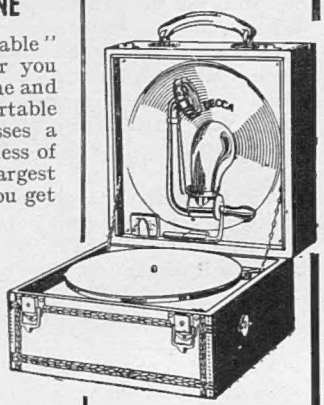
The Decca is there—of course

BRITISH EMPIRE EXHIBITION WEMBLEY LONDON

An "Empire" Exhibition without the Decca is unthinkable. Remember what it has done and where it has gone! Remember its war record and its achievements since in every part of the Empire. It has played itself into popularity wherever the British flag flies, and it is a true product of Empire.

THE DECCA
THE PORTABLE GRAMOPHONE

"She shall have music wherever she goes." Regd.



Given everything else equal, a "portable" gramophone is to be preferred, for you can have it entertaining you any time and anywhere. The Decca is not only portable—it was born so!—but it possesses a powerful and rich tone and a clearness of reproduction rarely equalled by the largest and most costly instruments. So you get an advantage both ways.

8 Models from **£3 : 3 : 0** to **£9 : 9 : 0**
Of Music Dealers, Stores, etc.

Decca Book, containing unique Photographs received from Decca enthusiasts, post free from

"DECCA," 34, Wo ship St., London, E.C.2. and at the Palace of Industry, Wembley.

(Proprietors, Barnett Samuel & Sons, Ltd.)

BEAUTIFUL USERS of BRISTOW'S GEORGIAN TOILET PREPARATIONS

MISS CLARA BUTTERWORTH
the charming and well-known Actress, writes:—

Lyric Theatre,
Shaftesbury Avenue,
30th March, 1924.

Dear Sirs,
I find your "Georgian" Soap and Beauty Powder most excellent preparations, and have much pleasure in recommending them to my friends.
Yours faithfully,
CLARA BUTTERWORTH.

Bristow's Toilet Preparations can be obtained from all Chemists and Stores throughout the country.

T. F. BRISTOW & Co. Ltd
Established 1777.
Clerkenwell, LONDON.
Perfumiers & Makers of Superfine Soap from George III to George V.

BRISTOW'S GEORGIAN BEAUTY POWDER
Silk sifted and exquisitely perfumed with the fragrance of freshly gathered flowers-
1/3 & 2/6.

Send 6d. in stamps for sample box.

"MAKE BEAUTY A DUTY"

Charming Hair

Scientific research has resulted in that perfect process of beautifying the hair practised by Miss BOUNDFORD — hair treated by Miss BOUNDFORD has that distinctive charm and lustrous beauty so becoming to the discriminating woman of to-day.

Miss V. BOUNDFORD
(Hair Specialist)
20, Maddox Street, W.1.
Established at above address 12 years.
Special Herb Lotion 3/6, 6/6, 12/6 per bottle, post free.
Telephone: Mayfair 2016.

Consultations Daily from 1 p.m. to 5 p.m.

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Holiday Tours in CANADA

For scenic interest, opportunities for sport and a holiday in a clear healthy atmosphere, Canada is unequalled. Personally conducted tours leave June 13 and 14, July 18 and 19, August 15 and 16, of 4 and 7 weeks duration. Cost, including all travel and hotel charges, from £112.

Independent tours mapped out or sporting parties arranged.

Write for fully illustrated booklet No. C showing routes and giving all particulars.

CANADIAN NATIONAL RAILWAYS
European Head Office.
17-19, Cockspur Street, London, S.W.1,
and at Liverpool, Manchester, Glasgow, Newcastle, and Belfast, or Local Agents.

HALL'S DISTEMPER
(REG° TRADE MARK)

THE OIL-BOUND WATER PAINT.

For new or old homes!

There is no decoration to compare with Hall's Distemper in artistic beauty, or in the practical advantages it offers.

Decoration with Hall's Distemper in place of wall-paper will so freshen up the "old home" as to give all the benefits of a change to a new one.

By Appt. to H.M. The King.

Sole Manufacturers:
SISSONS BROTHERS & Co., Ltd., HULL & London.

TWO DINNERS FOR MAY

I

Clear Soup
Salmon in Aspic
Grilled Lamb Cutlets. New Potatoes
Asparagus
Meringues with Banana Cream
Sardines à l'Indienne
Iced Claret or Hock Cup. Iced Lemonade
Coffee. Liqueurs. Dessert

II

Grape Fruit à l'Américaine
Sole au Gratin
Chicken en Casserole. Spinach à la Crême
Salad
Fruit Sponge
Shrimp Croûtes
Iced Cider Cup or Claret Cup
Coffee. Liqueurs. Dessert

Salmon in Aspic

Line the bottom of a pint and a half mould with aspic jelly one inch in thickness. Allow this to set, then sprinkle over it alternate layers of shrimps (a quarter of a pint), two chopped hard-boiled eggs, chopped cucumber and ½ lb. of cold salmon, divided into small pieces. When the mould is filled an inch from the top, melt and pour over it as much of the jelly as the mould will hold. Let this stand over night before turning out, or place on ice for some hours before serving.

Sardines à l'Indienne

Put the yolks of four eggs in a stewpan with a pat of butter, a teaspoonful of chutney, a dessertspoonful of Worcestershire sauce, a little salt and cayenne to taste. Stir these ingredients over the fire till they form a fairly firm paste. Carefully trim some sardines and absorb their moisture with a cloth. Thoroughly mask them in the mixture, egg and breadcrumb them, fry in clarified butter, dish them up on strips of thin crisp toast, and serve very hot.

Grape Fruit à l'Américaine

Remove all the fruit out of four large grape fruits, being careful not to break through the skins. Place the fruit with its juice in a basin, and set on ice for about three hours to get cold. Pour into the basin one tablespoonful of liqueur and white sugar to taste. Mix well together, and replace the prepared fruit in the skins (half to each person). Decorate with crystallised cherries and a very small piece of ice.

Fruit Sponge

One tin of apricots, six sponge cakes and a small jar of cream. Place a layer of the fruit in a glass dish, cut the sponge cakes in halves, and repeat the layers until all is used. Whip the cream and pile it on the top.

Shrimp Croûtes

Pound a quarter of a pint of picked shrimps with 3 ozs. of butter and ½ oz. of anchovy paste, season with pepper. Fry some rounds of white or brown bread in butter, drain and cool. Spread one side of each croûte thickly with the preparation. Place a whole shrimp in the centre of each, garnish with parsley, and serve cold.

Emilia

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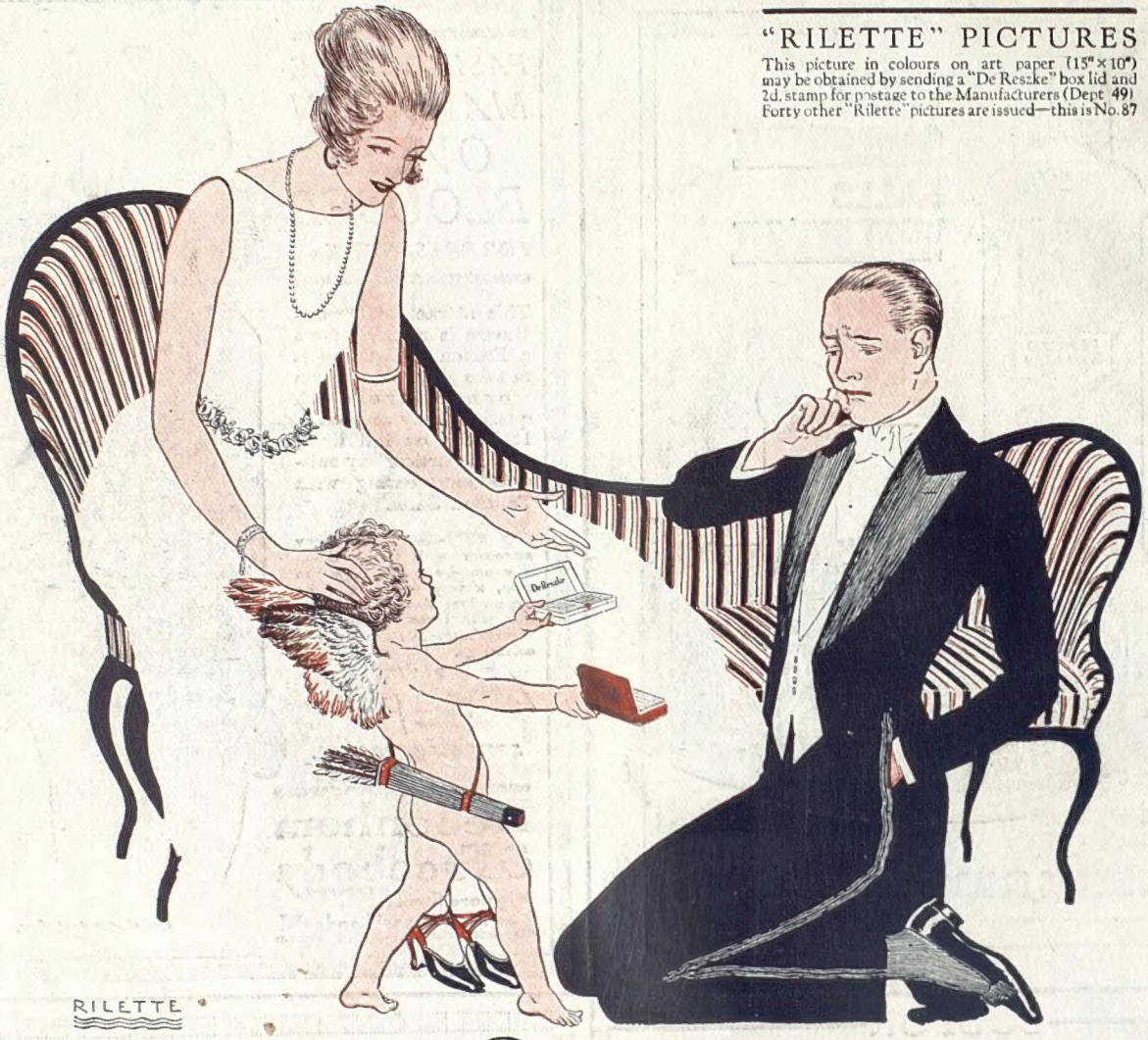

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